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KATE HAS MADE A PIE.

"I cannot ask you up, Ben Blend,
To dine with Kate and me;"
Thus spoke a drummer to his friend,
And sighed right heavily.
"I know I promised to, but then—"
A tear stole from his eye—
"The cold, frost-bitten fact is, Ben,
My Kate has made a pie.

"The pie is not so deadly when
An expert wields the plate;
But that's a different pie, dear Ben,
From pies composed by Kate.
She's not an artiste with the flour,
The spice, the lard, so I
Cannot invite you to our bower,
For Kate has made a pie.

"You are an honest bachelor, Ben,
Let me some truths unload;
Some little facts to ponder when
You're out upon the road.
Our honeymoon was filled with joy,
No cloudlets swept the sky;
Things might have thus continued, boy,
But Kate, she made a pie!

"A parody upon the pies
My mother used to make!
A thing to breed a wild surprise
Mixed up with stomach ache.
A pie to conjure spirits up
From Sheol's sulphurous state,
On which might Macbeth's witches sup—
That pie first made by Kate.

"What strange fatality attends
The young wife's pie-us art?
Pre-matrimonial pastry blends
Not with the wifely heart.
Before the orange blossom fades
Wide opens many an eye;
E'en unsophisticated maids
Should make a better pie.

"And so I cannot ask you, Ben,
With us to come to dine;
Some other day—some Sunday, when
My wife has ceased to shine
As Empress of the Kitchen Range—
Grown more discreet—and fly—
So Ben, old boy, don't think it strange,
But—Kate has made a pie!"

MYSTERY AND DELUSION.

Something About Seances—A New Ghost Story Parlor Entertainment.

Spirit seances are likely to puzzle. I cannot explain how at the only one I ever attended the medium gave me so accurate an obituary history of my relatives and friends.

It was in West Forty-sixth street. The house was pretentiously furnished. I was ushered into a small reception room hung with curtains, which was half of the front room, the other half being utilized as a hallway leading to the center vestibule. The back room was the parlor, and extended to the width and depth of the house.

In this there were several people patiently awaiting opportunities to interview relatives who had "gone before."

The medium was a middle-aged and very pale lady who had just risen from a bed of sickness. When she finally went into a trance condition she had the appearance of a corpse.

I had made up my mind to ask no questions, and so she did all the talking, which occupied fully three-quarters of an hour.

I was seated in a very comfortable easy chair with the medium closely vis-a-vis in another. I was presented to her merely as "a friend of mine," and I am satisfied that she did not identify me.

She prefaced her celestial communications with an expression of full belief in spiritualism, and the statement that she was ignorant while in a trance condition of what she was imparting.

She begged that I would go eventually to another medium to compare notes for confirmation of the desire of my spirit friends to talk to me, and see if I might not get the same messages. In a moment she took my hands in hers and gracefully sunk back and into a trance.

She possessed a good deal of magnetism, for the touch of her fingers produced a pricking sensation, as if I were holding the handles of an electric battery.

I must confess that I was greatly surprised at her familiarity with the names of my dead relatives and acquaintances, while her descriptions were very accurate and messages quite as I would anticipate from those she declared were surrounding us.

I was taught in my boyhood days wherever I saw a ghost to investigate it. I have always done so to my profit.

I saw one at 12:30 o'clock one stormy night last July. I know the exact moment, for I have in my room a clock that strikes the half hours on a gong with a deep, faraway sound.

It struck like the toll of the Greenwood bell as the apparition caught my eye, and at the same time the heavens, that were black as crape, were illuminated with the glare of a flash of lightning, and a growl of thunder rumbled mournfully overhead. Otherwise all was oppressively quiet.

I was lying in bed. The windows were open and the shades drawn up, and there, right over in the corner in the doorway leading to the back room and in the direct line of my vision, stood a palpable, veritable ghostly figure, waving its extended arms.

I'm like a small gambler, I love a sure thing, and here, after all my weary waiting, like the old maid who for forty years looked under her bed for a man, I was at last happily successful.

I was quite alone—that is, we were quite alone. My family was in the country, and I had this terrible experience all to myself. I was afraid to strike a match, for its brimstone fumes would have been too suggestive.

The more I watched the noiseless intruder the worse it grew to my startled imagination. I think that I first repeated "Now I lay me," and gaining courage from the simple prayer made bold to get up.

As I approached the doorway the ghost vanished! I went nearer, and for three painfully long minutes awaited its return.

Then I thought that I would go to bed again, and as I turned I saw that the gaslight from the avenue reflected upon my body, and noticed that the wind waved the branches of the trees in front of the house.

While I stood just where I had made the discovery there was no ghost in the doorway with beckoning gestures, but when I went on and got into bed it had returned.

Smiling at my credulity I sank into a peaceful slumber and didn't even dream of dead and gone Gus Fenno.

I was witness quite recently to a curious bit in a parlor entertainment at the house of a friend.

The host, who was a man of good size and weight, laid himself at full length upon the carpet. Six gentlemen, three on either side, put merely the tips of their fingers under him and then all in concert took a full breath.

This was repeated but three or four times when the body of the prostrate man was lifted as if it were but of rubber and inflated with air.

This experiment does not require expert skill, and I commend it as a novelty in the way of home amusement. Corpulent fathers may not like the position, but they must remember that it will so please the children.—[N. Y. Times.

LUCK IN THE DARK.

Befriended By an Elephant—A Tramp Realizes a Good Chance of a Living.

I'm a tramp. Whether I was driven to the road by hard luck or a desire to lead an easy life is none o' your business. I'm no better or worse than the average.

Some men, with my advantages, would have been in Congress to-day. Some others, with my temptations, would have been in State Prison long ago.

If the world owes me anything I'll forgive the debt. If I owe the world anything she'll have to dust around lively to collect the debt.

A year or two ago, while I was tramping in Indiana, I struck a streak of hard luck. It had come on winter, and my toes were out, my pockets ditto, and I was dressed in Summer clothing.

I tramped fourteen miles along a thickly-settled highway one day and failed to turn up even a slice of bread. On the other hand, I was bitten three times by dogs, and several farmers threatened to shoot me.

When night fell I was half-frozen and the other half starved. It was no use to apply to a house for lodgings and I got my eye on a straw-stack and stowed myself away.

Now, then, there's nothing mean about a straw-stack, but it doesn't begin with a first-class hotel for comfort. You may work into a stack your whole length and chink up the hole behind you and you'll find it cold.

The air seems to sift in from all directions, and you fall asleep to dream of floating over a cold sea on an iceberg. The weather was about zero and by midnight I found that I must get out of that or freeze to death.

There was a barn about forty rods away, and I crawled out and took a run. One of the small doors was unlocked, and I crept in to find the place a thousand times more comfortable than the stack.

It was dark as a pocket in there, and I had no matches to strike a light. I began feeling my way across the floor, hoping to strike some bags or blankets for cover, when suddenly something soft and warm touched my arm, glided around my waist and I was lifted off my feet.

Did I yell? No, sir. I was too frightened to open my potato-trap. I dropped my arms, and my hands came in contact with—what do you think?

An elephant had his trunk around me. He pulled me gently up to him, and then felt me over with his trunk, as if to see what manner of man I was.

As he offered no violence to me my nerve came back pretty soon, and I patted him on the head and called him pet names. He had a big stall to himself, and as soon as I could give him the slip I began to back off.

But he would'nt have it that way. He reached out, took hold under my arms, and swung me around into his manger packed with hay, and I'm blessed if the keeper didn't find me there and fast asleep in the morning!

I was pretty well satisfied that the beast had no intentions of making my tramp existence any worse than it was, and as soon as I got warm I went to sleep.

What amused me in the morning was that elephant trumpeting away in high dudgeon, and I turned out to find that she wouldn't let her keeper come within ten feet of her. He coaxed and scolded, but she was firm.

While she would trumpet at him she would caress me, and it was from my hands that she got her breakfast. You see, she was a circus elephant in winter quarters, and there were a good many other animals in and about the barn.

The long and short of it was, I was hired to take care of "Empress" through the Winter, and I should have gone on the road with her in the Spring but for my own stupidity.

One day I got drunk and stirred up a lion with a pitchfork. He struck me through the bars of the cage, raking my left arm from shoulder to wrist, and the doctors had to amputate it to save my life.

That's all, gents, and if you have an old coat, a pair of boots, or anything else to help a tramp trim up for the coming Spring campaign I shall be forever grateful.—[Detroit Free Press.

Historic Dogs.

Every one remembers the dog of Ulysses, who died in greeting his master just returned from his long wanderings, and the story shows the consideration in which the dog was held in the heroic ages of Greece.

The old Persians, too, held the dog in high esteem; to the Magians he was a sacred animal, the representative and friend of Ormuzd, the Beneficent, and the great satraps were distinguished by their trains of hunting dogs, as was the King himself, and Xerxes set out for the conquest of Greece surrounded by a great body guard of faithful dogs.

Those most highly prized by the Persians came from India, so called, probably from the Bactrian regions, where the dog is still held in high repute.

Captain Woods tells us that the old fashioned Uzbeg would think it no insult to be asked to sell his wife, but would resent an offer for his dog as an unpardonable affront; while among the border tribes of Turkestan the epithet of the dog seller is one of the profoundest contempt.

Indeed, the birthplace of nations is probably the original home of the dog, and when our Aryan ancestors began to migrate westward from their ancient seats with their flocks and herds they brought with them, no doubt, their fierce and faithful dogs, who have left their descendants of to-day—the English mastiff, the Pyrenean sheep dog, the Albanian wolfhound.

Ancient laws, too, record the estimation in which the dog was held. "A herd dog that goes for the sheep in the morning and follows them home at night is worth the best ox," says the ancient laws of Wales.

The best herd dogs of the present day perhaps are the Breton sheep dogs—rough, shaggy, uncouth—with an aspect as if they had a little of the blood of Bruin in their veins, but highly valued by their possessors, who are not to be tempted into parting with them by anything under the price of the best ox; and the Breton dog is one of the most sagacious of his kind, watching and tending his flocks with an almost incredible zeal and devotion.—[All the Year Round.

"Little Alice."

In the little village of Mount Pleasant in the potteries in Staffordshire, England, is to be found a child whose extraordinary growth excites great wonder.

Little Alice, as she is humorously called, is but four years of age, yet turns the scale at 150 pounds, the circumference of her waist being no less than 5 feet, while her height is 4 feet, so that literally she is broader than she is long.

She is bright, intelligent, and remarkably pretty, her head being crowned with a mass of golden hair.

Her size does not interfere in the least with her activity, as she may often be seen playing with the other children of the village or wandering in their company through the country lanes.

Her appetite is enormous.

BADLY TREATED.

The Troubles that Overtook a Merchant Who was Timid but not Cautious.

Mr. Anderson Bradley thought that a mercantile establishment in the Indian Territory could not fail to yield handsome profits. He opened a store in the Choctaw nation about two months ago.

The other day he returned to Little Rock. His clothes were much worn and his manly physique appeared to have received some sort of shock.

"Why, Anderson," said a friend, "you do not appear to be enjoying yourself."

"No, I am not boisterously happy."

"What has become of your store in the Indian Territory?"

"It's up there yet."

"Has business been very good?"

"Middling."

"Come, tell me what's the matter."

"Well, I wasn't treated rightly. When I went up there I found a man who wanted to sell his store. He offered the establishment at a very reasonable rate and as I had the cash I bought it. I restocked the house and soon thought myself on the road to prosperity.

"Several days afterward a man walked briskly into the store and said:

"'My name is Fowler.'

"I shook hands with him for he looked as though he might become a good customer, and invited him to sit down.

"'Why did Piles leave so suddenly?' he asked, meaning the man from whom I bought the store.

"I replied that I did not know.

"He went behind the counter and going up to the desk began to look over my books. He was a muscular fellow and I was determined to treat him with politeness, but I soon found it necessary to say something.

"He turned to me and remarked:

"'As the dull season is coming on I reckon I'll have to get along without you.'

"'What do you mean?' I demanded.

"'I mean that I'll have to discharge you. Piles had no authority to hire any one. He might have waited until I got back.'

"'Will you please explain?' said I.

"'I think, sir,' he replied, 'that you are the one to explain.'

"'I'll do so. This is my house, and——'

"'Your house?'

"'Yes, my house. I bought it of Piles.'

"'Then Piles sold something that did not belong to him. This is my store. Piles was only a clerk.'

"I couldn't do anything. I went to law, but lost the case. All my money was gone, and I was in a strange country. I had to tramp away. I would tell you more, but Piles is in town."

"And you are hunting him?"

"Well, no, I am keeping out of his way. He says that he didn't charge me enough for the store, and says, so I understand, that he proposes to get even with me physically.

"I like a quiet life, you know, and therefore shall not associate with him."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

BIDDING AGAINST HIS FATHER.

The Stern Duty Imposed by His Unfilial Conduct.

"I like to shpeak my mind a few times," said Mr. Dunder as he entered the Central Station yesterday.

"Well, go ahead," replied Sergeant Murray.

"I goes in an auction shtore dis morning to see if I find some bargains in saloon tumblers. My son Shake he goes along, too. Dot Shake he knows all aboudt der latest shtlye in peer glasses, and nobody can sheat him. When we goes in der auctioneer he puts up a great big oil painting and gries oudt:

"'Now, how mooch to shtart dis fine landscape? It vhas wort $200, and who vhill start him at $20?'

"Vhell, Shake he vhas a great poy to feel sorry for poor folks. He doan' like to see some mans come here from New York und lose so mooch money ash dot all at once, und so he says to me:

"'Fadder, make him a bid of $49. Dot blesses him und doan' hurt you.'

"I make dot bid mit a loud voice, und dot New York man shmiles und bows und vhas glad. Pooty soon somebody bids feefty dollars. Dot makes me a leetle mad, und I goes oop to sixty. Den somebody bids seventy, und I goes oop to eighty. Pooty quick somebody says ninety, und I shump to one hundred. I look aroundt to ask Shake if I goes more, I doan' see him, und that picture man gives out:

"'Once—twice—three times, und sold to Carl Dunder, who has der biggest bargain ever vhas!'

"Vhell, dot make me almost faint avhay, und I try to run oud door. Somebody grabs me, und dot picture man says der law vhas on his side under I must pony oop. He finally lets me off if I pay ten dollar for his trouble, and he calls oudt:

"'Dot man who bid ninety dollar can take der picture. Let him com oop.'

"Sergeant, who vhas dot man?"

"I don't know."

"Vhell, it vhas my son Shake! He shtands by der door und raises der bids on his own fadder to get him in a scrape! He gets me in all dot trouble to haf some fun. Sergeant?"

"Well."

"If some poleecemans passes my door unt hears groans und shrieks und yells, tell him not to come in. I have some solemn dooty to perform by dot boy Shake. If I doan' shtop him now he breaks down a gallows und doan't live oudt half his days!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Burdensome Christian Names.

"What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a News gatherer as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"'E. P. Baxter,' he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what an amount of foolish patriotism is concealed in those initials. The young man was born on January 3d, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter, in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with cranky ideas on the subject of naming children.

"One boy I christened Perseverance Jones. I endeavored to dissuade the father, but he said the child's mother was called Patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together.

"Within a few paces of the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of S. L. U. Lloyd.' If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Celluloid.'

"I had a colored man named Alexander doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was.

"'Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah,' he replied."—[Philadelphia News.

Mint Julep.

There is a great deal of pleasing information in the newly published History of the United States Mint. To some it might seem a sad deficiency that there's nothing in it about the United States Julep.—[Philadelphia News.

THE "OLD LEATHER MAN."

A Strange Pilgrim Who Puzzles the Good People of Connecticut.

The "Old Leather Man" is the one object of mystery and curiosity in the Naugatuck valley. His life is and has been a strange one, and clad entirely in leather he has roamed over a fixed route for nearly twenty-eight years, living in huts and caves, harming neither person nor property and refusing gifts of charity.

He comes and goes over the same route, visiting each place with a regularity and preciseness which would lead one to suppose that he was travelling on an exact schedule of time laid out by him, and from which he must not vary.

Who this individual is, where he came from, and the occasion of his mysterious wanderings, are more a matter of conjecture than of certainty.

That he is of French extraction there can be no doubt; for yesterday when I spoke to him in English, and then in Spanish, he made no response; but, when in French, I asked him where he was going, he replied, in French, that he "interfered with nobody, and wished nobody to interfere withhim."

Every effort to get him to speak afterward was fruitless, except when I asked him if I could give him a little money, and, with a look of indignation, he declined my proffer of charity.

This strange pilgrim is about 68 years of age, is a French Catholic, and imagines he is doing penance for some sin by the life he leads. He wears no underclothing excepting in the coldest weather, and then only an old knit jacket.

No one ever offers him the shelter of their roof, simply because of the great mystery about him. No one seems afraid of him in the daytime, except children, who will run and hide from the time he appears till he passes out of sight.

What little is known of him has been gathered by piecemeal. Mr. Gordon the tanner, once oiled his leather suit for him, and has frequently given him small pieces of leather, but has never been able to fathom the great secret under which the man lives.

Several efforts have been made to bribe him and have his picture taken, but they have been unsuccessful till a short time ago, when a photograph of him was obtained secretly, and which reveals distinctly his features and every wrinkle and stitch in his eccentric costume.

Summer and winter this Connecticut curiosity pursues his course, with clockwork regularity braving the storms of winter and the heat of summer. He steadily plods along his way, asking nothing of any one, doing no act of wrong, but doing penance for the wrong which he did or supposed he did long years ago.—[Exchange.

Shutting Out City Noises.

There are a multitude of sufferers from the noise of their neighborhood who endure what amounts to agony, exciting their nerves to abnormal action and their pulse to fever heat, when it would do no injury to use a simple means of obviating the whole thing.

The clangor of machinery, the ringing of bells, the cries and laughter, the yells and roars of 100 or less children at recess or at ball-playing, the passing of heavy drays—all or any of these and other things, are sometimes fatal to the health of the invalid and to the work of the thinker.

Often it is utterly impossible to move into a region where no heavy drays pass, no bell-ringing is allowed; and then there is hardly a region to be found not invaded by the whistle of the steam engine, or where boys do not shout at their game; and even where there are no cocks to crow or dogs to bark or birds to sing at unseemly hours before dawn, there is always some other sound to torture the sensitive ear.

If now the sufferer will take a bit of spermaceti ointment of about the size of a pea, tie it up in a small square of fine linen, and place it deep in the ear, working it round till it takes the shape of the orifice, leaving the end to hang out, not a murmur of sound can be heard.

The atmosphere is sweet and serene, the nerves are quite at rest, all exasperation is subdued, and when the noise is over, or the necessary season of quiet has been had, the little plug can be removed, the murmur of the world allowed to return, and no harm is done.—[Argonaut.

The Choice of Oranges.

To very many an orange is an orange, the only variation distinguishable being in size and corresponding price, while those who know the difference between "Florida," "Seville" and "Messina" oranges are considered experts. The "Florida Catechism" tells us better than that.

We learn from it that there are "over thirty" varieties of sweet oranges, not to mention the "natural stock," which is a larger and handsomer fruit than the sweet orange, and is excellent for orangeade and marmalade, but, being very sour, is seldom shipped North.

The medium sizes are apt to be the choicest, and "probably the very sweetest orange that is marketed is the rusty-coated and rather ill-looking orange, which might be considered inferior by an amateur."

Furthermore, "The way to detect oranges is to 'heft' them in your hands; pick out the thin-skinned heavy fruit, and you are all right." The light-weight fruit is apt to be juiceless, a condition caused either by a slight freezing while on the tree, or, more probably, by the poverty of the soil in which it grew.

All this applies to the sweet oranges. The "kid glove" oranges are grown in Florida from two stocks brought respectively, from China and Tangiers. Hence they are called Mandarin and Tangerine oranges.

Both are small; the skin is loose and easily removed, and the sections fall apart so readily that a lady can eat one without soiling her gloves; hence the name.

Some other bits of interesting information may be picked out from this "Catechism." It is not generally known, for instance, that "an orange that is entirely dead ripe in December will hang on the tree until March and is ready at any time to be picked and shipped;" while so far from deteriorating, "the longer they hang on the trees the sweeter they grow," and Florida oranges, purchased in February and March, are therefore apt to be better than those procured early in the season.

Again, the notion that, to know what an orange is really like, one must go where the oranges grow appears to be a popular fallacy, as we are told that "the orange picked from the tree is no riper or better than the orange on the fruit stall in the North."—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

Notable Baby Wisdom.

A little street waif was taken once to the house of a great lady, and the childish eyes, that had to look so sharply after daily bread, were dazzled by signs of splendor on every hand.

"Can you get everything you want?" asked the child of the mistress of the mansion.

"Yes; I think so," was the reply.

"Can you buy anything you'd like to have?"

The lady answered, "Yes." And the child, who was of a meditative turn of mind, looked at her half pityingly and said, wonderingly:

"Don't you find it dull?"—[The Republic.

AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

An Escaped Union Prisoner Recognized by a Libby Official.

A few days ago a gray-haired old man was in one of the hotels of this place when a stranger got off a train which had just arrived, and passed through the waiting room. He eyed the old man closely, and over the face of the latter there flashed a look of recognition.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "your face has a familiar look, yet I cannot place you. Perhaps I am mistaken."

"Oh, no," said the elderly gentleman. "I know you are not mistaken. I know you like a book."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. You used to board with me."

"Is't possible?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir; and you left without paying your board."

"That, sir, cannot be," was the indignant man's answer, as he became more and more confused.

"And," continued the old man, "you left in the night and neglected to take your luggage."

By this time the stranger was furious. He grew red with anger, and intimated that only the gray hairs of his tormentor saved him from violent treatment.

"Oh, you needn't get mad," said the old gent, remaining provokingly cool. "You did all these things, and I can prove it."

"See here, old man, who are you, and where are you from?"

"I, sir, am Capt. Jack Warner and you are Quartermaster Murphy, and you escaped from Libby while I was Quartermaster of that institution."

"My God," was the stranger's ejaculation, as he warmly clasped the hand of the ex-rebel. "Are you, indeed, the old commissary? Well, I did board with you a while, and I gave you the slip, too," he laughingly continued.

Quartermaster Murphy belonged to a New York regiment, and was captured and sent to Libby. It was the practice of the rebels to allow prisoners who had been practitioners of medicine to attend the sick in the prison hospital. They were given the freedom of the prison to go and come at will.

One day a green sentry would not allow these men to pass, when he was sharply reprimanded by Capt. Gibbs, and was told that those men who wore red ribbons on the lapels of their coats should pass unmolested.

Murphy overheard this and took advantage of it. He had some red lining in his vest, and tearing off a strip, he pinned the physician insignia on his coat, and, watching an opportunity, he got past the guard and escaped over into the Union lines.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

POET WHITTIER AT HOME.

Simple Surroundings of the Quaker Bard.

Unlike the homes of his compeers in American literature, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell, who lived among books and pictures and memorials of fellow-workers in many lands, there is nothing in Whittier's house to suggest the poet and the man of letters. The small parlor into which the visitor is shown is furnished with the dreary and prim commonplaceness of horsehair upholstery and the old-fashioned conventional ornaments under glass shades. It might be a Dissenting minister's front room in some provincial English town, like Leicester or Northampton, not yet reached by the iconoclasm of modern æstheticism.

But Mr. Whittier's kindly greeting of "How do thee do? I'm glad to see thee," dispels all surprise, by recalling the fact that he is not only a New Englander, which means simple living from necessity, but also a Quaker, which means simple living from choice—a coincidence sufficient to explain even an asceticism in which horsehair should play a much more obtrusive part.

Mr. Whittier's study is a small square room at the back of the house, heated by an iron stove, and furnished even more simply than the other rooms.

On one side of the study is a bookcase containing some scores of books—old ones; and on the other a small desk, at which the poet does all his writing. "My letters average twenty-five and thirty a day," he says, "and when I'm sick they accumulate, and then when I get well, I make myself sick again trying to catch up with my answers to them"—too many, it is to be feared, being requests for autographs.

Mr. Whittier speaks, as he does everything else, in the New England fashion, familiarly, even carelessly, with a fine democratic indifference to elegancies of pronunciation and finished periods.

His poetry has not been written at any regular times, partly because he has suffered from pains in the head, which forced him to write when he could and not when he would, and partly because so much of his verse has been directly inspired by current events, and sent out, almost direct from his pen, to cheer the friends of freedom or to check her enemies.

"I think I was born with a headache," he says; and since the office of the anti-slavery paper in Philadelphia, of which he was editor, was attacked by a mob and burned, he has only been free from pain at intervals.

The poem called "Ichabod!" which should always be remembered with Browning's "Lost Leader," is perhaps the best example of how Mr. Whittier's best poetry has sprung straight from his sympathy with the great reforms and reformers of his time.

On March 7, 1850, Daniel Webster, representing Massachusetts in the Senate, made a speech on the slavery question, in which, to the amazement and intense disappointment of his friends and the anti-slavery party he gave his assent to the Fugitive Slave bill—a measure authorizing Southern slave owners to seize their escaped slaves in any free State and carry them back to bondage.

"It was a fearful blow to us," says Mr. Whittier, "wholly unexpected. I wrote 'Ichabod!' the next morning, after an entirely sleepless night. If I had waited a couple of months I don't think I should have written it."

"I am not sorry I wrote it," he adds; "but I feel sure if Webster had lived till the outbreak of the war he would have been found as strong as ever on the right side, and I have said so in the 'Lost Occasion.' It was his miserable ambition to sit in the Presidential chair that betrayed him."—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Origin of Dominoes.

Amedee Ponthieu has written an elaborate article about the game of "domino," (or, as it is called, "dominoes"), and contends that it dates back to the sixth century.

Two monks of the celebrated monastery of Monte Casino, who were confined in the jail for a trifling disobedience, invented, in order to kill the dreary hours of their imprisonment, a game with small, white, square pieces of chalk, into which they cut small holes, which they colored, and with which they played.

Being watched by the jailer of the monastery, they commenced to sing with a loud voice the beginning of the psalm, "Dixit Dominus Domino," as soon as they heard the jailer coming, and repeated these words until the dangerous man was gone.

After having been released they manufactured square pieces of wood and ivory, with black holes, and sold them to other monks. Thus the game was soon spread throughout Italy.

APPETIZERS.

He Used to Play Pool.

He was tall, raw-boned and ungainly, with his angularity ill concealed by a buffalo overcoat, the whole crowned by a wide well-tanned sombrero.

He strolled into a popular billiard hall on Madison street and set the dude pool-players all agape and all a-titter by his crude remarks on the game.

"'Mind givin' me a stick, young fellers?" he finally asked.

The swells winked at each other and the whisper went around, "Here's a sucker!"

The old rancher remarked: "Used to play a purty fair game 'bout twenty years ago deown in Rancher's run, in Kansas. I'm from that doggasted country, yeow know."

The balls were spotted and the wild specimen of pool amateur came last. The four "fine players" took their turns with the result of getting two balls.

"No 5!" said the table-keeper, and the blizzard-blown rancher took off his buffalo envelope and prepared for a shot. He seized his cue as if it was a pitchfork and hustled the first ball in the corner pocket. He strode around the table like an Indian brave, making all sorts of banks and cushions and fine shots.

He finally stopped when all the balls were down and said:

"Purty good game. Play 'nuther?"

The boys wilted and one by one slunk out.

When they had all gone out the wild Western player said:

"Guess they thought they'd got an old scrub farmer, but it's no snap to do up a Kansas cowboy. Used to play a tol'able game long 'bout twenty years ago down to hum."

He did, indeed. He was Pool-table Jack, of Denver, one of the greatest pool sharps in the West.—[Chicago News.

The "Gall Hook."

"Place this on the 'gall' hook, George?"

"What kind of a hook?" I asked, as I overheard one of our theatrical managers give the above direction.

"Why, the 'gall' hook. You, a newspaper man, ought to know what the 'gall' hook is," remarked the manager.

Although I am well aware what "gall" is, I had to confess ignorance as to what a "gall" book was.

"Well then, listen. You see that hook. That is the 'gall' hook. When a man sends us a request asking us for the earth, or a portion of the hemisphere, without giving any reason why he should make the request, and more so, why we should comply with his wishes, we call that a 'gall' request, and all such petitions go on that hook, which has been christened the 'gall' hook, and there it remains till the end of the season, when the hook is cleared for new 'gall.'"—[Republic.

The Atlantic Sea Bed.

Among the interesting results of submarine or deep-sea explorations conducted under the auspices of the London Geographical Society are those in reference to the Atlantic sea bed.

It would seem that the bottom of the North Atlantic is occupied by two valleys, the eastern extending from ten to thirty degrees west longitude, and traceable as far as the equator, with an extreme depth of less than 13,000 feet, while the western valley reaches from the thirtieth to the fiftieth degree of west longitude.

The two are separated by a ridge in thirty degrees west longitude, along which the average depth is only 1,600 fathoms, and which can be traced northward to Iceland and southward to the Azores; it is volcanic in character, at both extremities. Its extreme breadth is somewhat less than 500 miles, and the depth of the water increases on both sides of it according to the distance of the axis.

A Doctor's Ghastly Reminiscence.

"In my second year of student life, one evening we were all in the dissecting-room, waiting for the demonstrator to call our numbers, apportioning us in squads of four and five around the room.

"There were some twenty bodies lying on the tables; some were covered, and others were not; there were white and black, male and female, old and young. We were assigned to one of the covered tables, and drew lots for choice of position.

"I chose the head, and then we uncovered the body.

"It was that of a girl not more than 17, and she could not have been dead more than a week. Her long blonde hair was clean and in two braids, tied with light blue ribbon.

"She must have been handled very gently, for the ghouls' hook had left no marks on her fair white skin, and the ribbons in her hair were another proof of that. The boys all paused.

"I saw a silk band on her neck, and on touching it found a locket, which I opened. In it was an old lady's sweet face, which seemed to chide me with her kindly eyes.

"On the other side was the inscription: 'May God so deal with them as they deal with you, my child. MOTHER.'

"Well, we did not dissect that night; nor was that body dissected in our college."

Canine Scavengers.

Lord Ronald Gower in a pleasant letter from Pera, where he has been staying for some time, speaks of the extraordinary intelligence, yearning for sympathy and kindness, and unbounded gratitude when [illegible] to pieces.

The Turks are very kind to them, and have at various convenient points erected little sheds as places of refuge for them.

On Friday charitable Turks distribute bread and meat to them.

One evening a dog came up and licked Lord Ronald's hand. He once patted him and he never forgot it. He followed him to his boundary, looked wistfully after him, wagged his tail in farewell, but would go no further.

Raleigh's Original Tobacco Pipe.

An interesting relic of the famous Sir Walter Raleigh was sold recently in London by a well-known firm of auctioneers.

It consists of Sir Walter's original tobacco pipe, which is said on a certain memorable occasion to have so excited the disgust of Queen Elizabeth.

A Misfit Nag.

A horse was sent up from the farm to be shod. Having a number of ready-made shoes on hand, the job, in the absence of the boss, was given to an apprentice.

After an interval the following note came to the superintendent:

"This horse don't fit any of our shoes."—[Carlisle Morning Star.

Unpleasant Bedfellow.

The most unpleasant bedfellow in the world is a healthy, working, business-like vaccination. It won't keep on its own side of the bed. It won't lie still and behave itself. It is utterly vicious and disagreeable and has not a single redeeming quality.—[Rochester Herald.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1887.

GOVERNOR Pattison has presented his last message to the Legislature.

THE needle of the political compass points more unwaveringly every day towards the continuance of a National Democratic Administration.

CONGRESS re assembled on Tuesday and immediately after the preliminaries both the Senate and the House adjourned out of respect to the memory of Senator Logan.

IT will soon be two years since the Democratic Administration has been standing at the helm guiding the ship of State. The ship-wreck that was to follow its political change of captains, according to Republican prophecy, has been looked for in vain. How provoking?

THE threatened disruption in the Knights of Labor organization, on account of Master Workman Powderly's pronounced views on the socialistic and anarchical tendencies of certain members, has been partially healed by the sober, second thought of its members. Monopoly cannot be successfully fought by the worse evil-anarchy, and the sooner the organization eliminates from its ranks all who believe in the shot gun and dynamite the sooner will it make itself felt as a power for good.

NOTWITHSTANDING his recent illness President Cleveland went through the trying ordeal of two hours continuous hand shaking on Saturday, at his New Year's reception without any ill effects. Mrs. Cleveland stood by his side and greeted everybody with a smile and cordial shake of the hand. The New Year reception at the White House is always regarded as a grand social event and this being Mrs. Cleveland's first reception of the kind, it was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest. It is said to have been one of the most satisfactory and brilliant receptions ever held in the White House.

THE proper disposition of the surplus in the United States Treasury is one of the questions that will likely call forth a diversity of opinion from Senators and Congressmen. It is not yet too late for the House to act upon the good advice embodied in Samuel J. Tilden's open letter to Speaker Carlisle one year ago. Mr. Tilden advocated the utilizing of a certain amount of the surplus in improving our coasts, the building of American vessels both for commercial and naval purposes and strengthening our means of defence. Aside from the necessity of carrying out this enterprise, for the sake of maintaining our National importance among the nations of the earth, it would give needed employment to thousands of citizens and aid in promoting the general prosperity of the country.

A LOOK over the past year reveals the encouraging fact that as a nation we have made marked progress in all our resources. The agricultural, mining and manufacturing interests of our country have kept pace with each other in reaping the advantages of a free Republic. Our progress in the arts, science and literature is becoming greater each year, and in all these onward strides toward perfection is not the condition of the laboring class, the mass of the people made better? If not our progress is not of the kind befitting a nation like ours. The only true progress is the progress that advances the interests of all alike and makes everybody happier and better. There are those who believe the rights of the many are being more trampled upon by the few every year. A glance down the corridors of the past will prove such not to be the case. It has been the case in all ages that a few have domineered over the many by arbitrarily exercising the advantage that wealth and position afforded them; but the poor man can assert his rights to-day with more hope of recognition than ever before. The power of the monopolist is gradually being shattered and he who once tyrannized boldly over those in his employ has learned to proceed with caution. The committee appointed by Congress to investigate and report upon the labor difficulties of last summer have no doubt collected some valuable data on this important question and this winter will probably see some progressive national legislation on the subject.

GENERAL John A. Logan, United States Senator from Illinois, died, at his Washington residence, Sunday afternoon, December 26, 1886, of rheumatic disease and nervous prostration, in his 61st year. His remains were laid away in the famil[illegible] in Rock Creek Cem- [illegible] Friday last. Gene- [illegible] ration was limited.

[illegible] soon attained promotion and served both as adjutant and quartermaster of his regiment. On his return home he studied law and successively served as District Attorney, in the State Legislature and as Congressman, holding the last position at the breaking out of the Civil War. After the adjournment of the special session of Congress in August, 1861, he raised a regiment—the Thirty-first Illinois—and went into active service. He became Major-General before a year. After the close of the war he was returned to Congress, and in 1870 was elected to United States Senate. In 1885 he was again elected to the Senate and had four years of his term to serve at the time of his death. He was a staunch Republican and drew much strength to that ticket in his nomination for Vice President in '84. His death is a heavy blow to his devoted and accomplished wife, not only in the irretrievable loss of affection and companionship she sustains, but also in her suddenly blasted hopes of his Presidential aspirations. To the intelligence, influence and diplomacy of his wife, Senator Logan doubtless owed much of his success in public life.

THE members of the Pennsylvania Legislature met in the capitol at Harrisburg, Tuesday, and each house effected an organization. George Handy Smith, of Philadelphia, was elected President of Senate and Henry K. Boyer, of Philadelphia, Speaker of the House. Each in his inaugural address spoke of the advisability of at once adopting measures providing for the submission of the question, of the adoption of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage within the limits of this commonwealth, to a vote of the people. Among other matters that will likely claim the attention of our State law makers, will be the apportionment of the State into Congressional, Senatorial and Legislative districts and legislation on anti discrimination in railroad transportation and measures for promoting the interests of the laboring classes. Governor Pattison presented his final message to both Houses which is an elaborate, clear and forcibly worded document, presenting important questions of public policy in his usual frank and fearless manner. He gives a gratifying exhibit of the State's financial affairs, there being a cash balance in the Treasury, with all the ordinary expenses of the government met, of $2,000,000; and the State debt deducting money and bonds in the Treasury is but $7,078,000. He advises a Constitutional Amendment abolishing the poll tax which he claims gives political committees an injurious and dangerous power over electors by the iniquitous practice of paying their personal tax for their votes. The Governor urges immediate legislation on the liquor traffic, and in speaking of prohibition by constitutional amendment says it cannot be enforced in less than five years, and it would be a delusive reform to continue present evils while waiting on the uncertainty. He advises high license as a remedy for the prevention of innumerable "tippling" shops. In his message he repeats his conviction that Superintendent Higbee was guilty of gross misdemeanor in neglecting to discharge his duties as Superintendent towards the pupils in Soldiers' Orphan Schools, and had it not been for the constitutional provision denying him the power he would have summarily removed him from the office to which he reappointed him. The Governor gives a summary of the investigation he made into the condition of these schools, and submits the record with the request to the Legislature that it takes such action as may be needful to prevent the recurrence of the shameful abuses disclosed. On the question of apportionment he calls the attention of legislators to the Constitution which directs the Legislature in forming districts, shall compose them of "compact and contiguous territory as nearly equal in population as may be." These rules are the cardinal points in apportionment. If they be followed in good faith, they will result in just, fair and acceptable laws. It is only when they are violated that difficulty and injustice are occasioned. He dwells at length upon the two important judicial proceedings instituted by the Attorney General to enforce the provisions of the Constitution governing railroad corporations. One of these proceedings was begun for the purpose of preventing the Pennsylvania railroad from discontinuing the construction of the projected competing line between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh known as the South Penn, and the other was against the combination variously known as the "Trunk Line Pool" and the "Coal Pool." He urges the Legislature to give all needed assistance to the Attorney General in the prosecution of these suits that the ends of justice may be attained.

EIGHTEEN eighty seven now stretches out before us in encouraging prospect, leaving the events, the joys and sorrows, the failures and successes of eighteen eighty six to live only in memory or on the page of history. It would be interesting to know how many good resolutions were made on the first day of the year, and how many have already met their fate ere this week has completed the cycle. Honest resolves are not to be treated scornfully, even though they are born to die the next day and be buried in oblivion the rest of the year. A mere resolve to reform is evidence of good intention, and its frequent repetition may eventually lead to the desired consummation. The past year has had its full average quota of disasters—floods, fires, earthquakes, cyclones, shipwrecks and railroad smash-ups; while on the other hand it has seen many enterprises prosper and communities blessed with all the good fortune that could reasonably be expected. Among the illustrious names borne by those who have crossed the river during the year are: General W. S. Hancock, Horatio Seymour, Samuel J. Tilden, Chester A. Arthur, Charles Francis Adams, David Davis and John A. Logan. These are the names of men who have figured in our national history as soldiers and statesmen, and who, though dead, have left the impress of their lives on our free institutions. In a business view the old year had some reverses and dull periods occasioned by strikes and lock-outs but on the whole it bears a very favorable comparison to its immediate predecessors. Our iron and steel industries have been active throughout the year, which is attributed largely to the increased number of new railroads built during that period, aggregating 7,000 miles. Railroad building promises to be even more active in 1887 than in 1886, and the general business outlook for iron and steel industries is correspondingly heightened. With the advent of 1887 has come a better understanding and closer relation between capital and labor, and while the harmony is not perfect, nor the dissatisfaction on the one hand or oppression on the other entirely removed, yet the signs of the times indicate a better state of affairs the present year than existed in 1886. As the New Year advances let everybody strive to practice the Golden Rule and both employer and employed will be prepared to enter upon a still happier New Year in 1888.

GENERAL James A. Beaver will be inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania on the 18th inst. with imposing ceremonies. There will be no imitation of Jeffersonian simplicity in his inauguration.

Free-Minded Dr. McGlynn.

The New York *World* is at last enabled to state, on the very best authority, that the Rev. Dr. McGlynn is under definite suspension, both as a rector and a priest. A priest in high authority in the Archiepiscopal Diocese, and holding close official relations with Archbishop Corrigan, said last night: "The statements that Dr. McGlynn has been summoned to Rome to defend himself are all at fault. Dr. McGlynn has been summoned to Rome for censure, and the only thing left for him to do is to recant. The idea of the Catholic Church advocating the abolition of property in land is preposterous. The Catholic church does not advocate the abolition of property in land, and will not do so; that is communism, and the church has pronounced against communism. Beside, it is absurd to say that the abolition of property in land will remedy the evils of poverty. Its effect, on the contrary, will be to intensify them.

"I do not know what Dr. McGlynn intends to do about going to Rome, but my own opinion is that he is not going. As to latitude, there is no latitude. He has been summoned to Rome and he is expected to go at once. Of course, if he has written to Rome, submitting any good reason why he cannot go immediately, he will be granted a reasonable extension of time; but I do not believe he has done this. I believe he has simply ignored the whole matter. The fact is that Dr. McGlynn's whole attitude, for many years, has been one of antagonism to the policy of the Catholic church. He first opposed the establishment of parochial schools as un-American and antagonistic to the public school system. Now the establishment of parochial schools is designed for the purpose of teaching religion in the schools, which we cannot expect to do in the public schools as they are designed for children of all denominations. Then, again, when the question of depriving the Pope of temporal power came up, he rather took a position against the Pope in the matter, which, to say the least, was not exactly Catholic; and finally, when the agitation against property in land arose, he took a stand against the church again. Now, the Archbishop has dealt very leniently with Dr. McGlynn and given him every opportunity to set himself right, but he declined to set himself right, and as the matter was an important one there was nothing left for the Archbishop to do but to refer his case to Rome. There it is at present, and Rome must decide it. Rome does not care for individuals. The maintenance of discipline is much more important to her than the influence of an individual, no matter in what estimation he may be held in his congregation."

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The Treasury Surplus.

Propositions for a disposition of the surplus in the treasury are being made by congressmen, but the fact is that the redundant revenues now accumulated are not so troublesome as the necessity of preventing the further increment of the surplus. It is likely that an increased expenditure in the construction of vessels of war and a still further enlargement of the pension rolls will sweep away much of the present accumulation in the treasury, and if congress will pay the honest debts of the federal government to the several States there need be no difficulty in getting rid of the remainder.

But the present congress will be faithless to its duty if it fail to reduce the revenues so that the treasury shall not in future contain an unnecessary surplus. The money needlessly taken from the people in federal taxes should be permitted to remain in the people's pockets. To this end the tariff laws should be revised so as to relieve articles of necessity from taxation as much as possible. If this cannot be done without making some concession to those who think that the internal taxes should be repealed some middle course ought to be found by which the passage of a proper bill can be ensured. If, for instance, free tobacco must be given in exchange for free wool it were better to assent to such a compromise than to have no revision of the tariff at all.

If, however, those who believe that luxuries like tobacco and whisky should be relieved of tax rather than necessaries of life like wool and lumber, are unwilling to concede anything tangible the friends of tariff reduction can only stand by their principles and wait for such an expression of the people in favor of their views as will compel congress to adopt them. Free tobacco for free wool ought to be accepted as a fair exchange by the opponents of the internal taxes. The sugar men, too, ought to be satisfied if the product in which they are interested is not touched, as it would not and should not be if tobacco is made free. The Morrison bill, with a free tobacco clause inserted and sugar left untouched, would probably pass both houses of congress. It would certainly not be improved by such an amendment, but it would still be better than the revenue laws it would displace.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

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Cleveland's Popularity.

Senator Vest has no doubt about the course of the Democracy in 1888. In answer to the question "What are the President's chances for renomination?" he says:

Splendid. He will be renominated and elected. Missouri will send a solid delegation for him and roll up a large vote for him at the election. He is sure to be elected. I do not see anything to prevent it now. All the politicians in the country cannot prevent his election. The mass of the people are for him; they see he is honest, and that his intentions are good. Why, in Missouri we look upon him somewhat as a second Andrew Jackson. His strong individuality and firmness of character are admired by the people, and they are willing to overlook his inexperience when he first took his seat. The politicians, my boy, are watching the drift, and as sure as fate they will make love to the people, wherein the true power of the country lies.

The strong significance of the Missouri Senator's prediction lies in the fact that on certain issues he has not adopted the view advocated in the President's messages, and was counted among the dissenters from the policy of the administration. With reference to the Benton case, he declares that the reports of speeches made by that gentleman bitterly hostile to the President were impudent forgeries, "concocted by a notorious liar." The Senator closes his comprehensive review of the situation by declaring his belief that, without Logan, Illinois will be a Democratic State. Mr. Vest's testimony only adds to the overwhelming mass of evidence recently furnished of the solid popularity of President Cleveland's administration with the people of all States and sections.—*N. Y. Star.*

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BENJAMIN IREY, of Parker's Ford, who in November last was elected Sheriff of Chester county, was run over and killed by a milk train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Tuesday morning, at Frazier Station. Mr. Irey was sworn into office on Monday.

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ABOUT 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning three separate and distinct shocks of earthquake were again felt at Westminster, Md., as on the previous morning. Reports are coming from all points north of Westminster and Adams county, this State, that the quake was also felt at those points. At Gettysburg many persons felt the swaying of their houses at Hunterstown the same thing was experienced. Four panes of glass in the store of J. F. Brinkerhoff, at Hunterstown, were shattered.

C[illegible]ency Tinkering.

The effect of the reduction of the public debt on the volume of national bank notes through the rapid calling in of the bonds on which they are based has led to a wide discussion as to what shall be done to meet the consequent contraction of that species of paper money. In all that has been said on the subject but little reference is had to the adoption of a permanent system of currency. Senator Sherman, for instance, suggests letting the banks do business on the 4½ per cent. bonds with a circulation up to their market value. This, it can be seen at once, would be only a temporary makeshift, for these bonds become due in 1891, when the situation would be essentially the same again. The suggestion is in keeping with the general treatment the currency question has met with ever since war legislation began. It has almost all been of a necessarily temporary character.

Our gold and silver certificates possess the merit of forming a permanent and as absolutely a sound paper currency as can be devised—omitting, of course, the question of difference of gold and silver values—since for every dollar issued a corresponding amount of metal is locked up for its redemtion. Were we confined to that basis, we should have even a sounder currency than England, which permits its bank to issue $75,000,000 on securities in excess of coin and bullion held for redemption. But England's system is practically sound for all time. It is established as permanent and does away with the constant need of tinkering we labor under. What we require is something of the same kind. Then the natural laws of supply and demand would do their perfect work and those individually interested in regulating the currency to suit their own advantage would have no excuse for interference. Neither the condition of the national debt nor the stockjobber would have anything to do with it. It is not time to consider a *stable* arrangement?—*N. Y. World.*

◆

Railroad Disaster.

A wreck occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad early Tuesday morning by the collision of a freight train with the west bound fast line, the latter running at the rate of sixty five miles an hour. The collision was terrific and its effects appalling. In less than five minutes fire from the overturned stoves communicated to the woodwork and flames leaped high in the air their roar mingling with the cries of anguish of the imprisoned victims to whom death in its most terrible form was presented. To be suddenly aroused from an unconscious doze, at 2 o'clock in the morning, by a deafening crash continuing while you are dashed hither and thither and finally landed bruised and mangled is sufficiently terrifying to the human mind; but, when in addition to this you are pinned fast with no hope of rescue and see the stealthy fire fiend creeping upon you to add intensity to your inexpressible agony, the imagination fails to fathom the horrible situation. About twenty lives are reported to have been lost and a large number of persons are seriously injured. It is evident that some one, or more, blundered or this sad affair might have been averted. Some of the employes of the road are sharply criticised for their heartless conduct towards the wounded. It is to be hoped that 1887 will witness few such accidents.

◆

THE JAMES BROTHERS OUTDONE.—About 9 o'clock one evening last week three men drew up in front of the large jewelry store of J. R. Elliott, at Minneapolis, Minnesota. Two of the men jumped from their sleigh, while the third held the horses. One of the men carried a heavy stick of wood with which he smashed the large plate glass window, in which there were trays of diamonds, watches, etc. He hurriedly seized all the available jewelry and threw it into the sleigh, while the accomplices kept the crowds of people that swarmed the streets at bay with cocked revolvers. Before anything could be done to apprehend them both men had jumped into the sleigh and drove rapidly up the street, the driver wildly slashing the horses and the robbers standing with revolvers pointed at the crowd. They secured between $6,000 and $8,000 worth of diamonds and watches. For boldness and daring this excels the James brothers' exploits. The streets were unusually crowded, and a large crowd was looking at the display in Elliott's window at the time.

◆

PREPARING FOR A MEXICAN REVOLUTION.—It is well-known that large bodies of troops have been moved up and down the Mexican central recently. The latest movement of importance took place about two weeks ago, when some two thousand soldiers were brought up to Chihuahua. The reason for this is and has been an enigma, but it is known now that an outbreak is feared in the western part of the state of Chihuahua. The population about Cusihuiriachiao is said to be ripe for rebellion and to be only waiting for opportunity and a leader. Of course official denials of this alleged discontent will be forthcoming, but everybody knows how little these denials mean. It is the invariable rule of the Mexican authorities to stifle all reports of trouble as long as possible.

◆

Three Girls Arrested for Murder.

On Christmas day John Akely, of Logan, and Ella Koutzman, Della Corbet and Jennie Quay went on a sleighing party to Yeagerstown. All were intoxicatd and while passing through populated portions of the country the youngwomen behaved shamefully. Beyond Yeagerstown Akely was thrown out of the sleigh and was dragged a considerable distance, the girls meanwhile beating him over the head with a whip to make him let go. Finally they got away from him, this side of Yeagertown, and left him lying in the snow. He was found some time afterward and removed to his boarding-house, when it was discovered that during the scuffle the girls had inflicted injuries of a nameless character upon his person, which finally culminated in his death. His body was covered with cuts and bruises from the rough handling he had received. Owing to his intoxicated condition he could give but a vague account of the affair, but it was eventually learned that the girls had robbed him of all his money before maltreating him. The three girls were arrested and are now in jail at Lewistown. The victim of this drunken frolic was 34 years of age. His parents reside in Bellefonte.

◆

A STRONG POINTER.—The Chicago *Times* says that a single railroad, the—Chicago, Burlington & Quincy—carries a daily average of one hundred barrels of whiskey into the Prohibition State of Iowa. This is double the quantity handled before prohibition was embraced. It is assumed all the other roads are following suit.

◆

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with phthisic, also diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw me into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from the first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by E. James.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The union of Secretary Lamar and Mrs. Hoyt in the bonds of matrimony is one of the society events anticipated in the near future.

—Robert Jamison, of near Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland County, died on Sunday, at the age of ninety-five years ten months and twenty-six days.

—Michael Davitt, the champion of the Irish cause, was married on Thursday of last week, to Miss Mary A. Gore, of St. Joseph Michigan, at Oakland, Cal.

—CURE FOR CROUP.—Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflamation, and for injuries.

—Mrs. Hendrickson, wife of a policeman at Middleton, Ohio, accidentally killed her five year-old daughter while showing a neighbor how she would shoot tramps if they molested her.

—There are now published in the United States 14.160 newspapers and periodicals of all classes. The net gain of the year has been 666. The daily newspapers number 1.216, a gain of 33. Canada has 679 periodicals.

—Franklin R. Goodhart, of Reading, who has been suffering from nervous prostration, was made a raving maniac on Thursday night by fright caused by joking friends dressing themselves up as Indians and cowboys and surprising him.

—Now since the skating rink craze has died out and even the Salvation Army fails to attract the curious, the toboggan slide comes to the front with all the new and attractive features calculated to enlist the attention of the modern American.

—It is stated that Rev. Hilary Pfraengle, President of St. Vincent's College, who was recently chosen Abbot of New Jersey, will assume the duties of his new and onerous position in February. It is also stated that Father Dominick will succeed Father Hilary as President of St. Vincent's.

—The Temple Theatre and Egyptian Museum, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, belonging to Wm. M. Singerly, proprietor of the *Record*, was completely destroyed by fire on Monday of last week. Two firemen, John Johnson and Jacob Gibson, were buried in the ruins of the burned building while fighting the flames.

—Priestly Buckmaster, who had been in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary for more than twenty-six years was pardoned on New Year Day by Governor Foraker. He had been imprisoned for murdering his wife. Drinking led him to the commital of the crime. His excellent behavior during his confinement aided in securing him his liberty.

—The trial of Rev. Waldo Missarros, pastor of the Northwestern Free Will Baptist Church, of Philadelphia, ended on New Year by a verdict of acquittal coupled with a censure for indiscretion. Mrs. C. W. Coulston, one of his flock prosecuted him for assault. The evidence presented shows conclusively that the alleged assault was merely a vile plot concocted by Mrs. Coulston for the purpose of gaining notoriety.

—Assistant Postmaster, of Philadelphia, George L. Parker vacates his position under Mr. Harrity on the 10th instant to return to his chosen profession which is journalism. Mr. Parker yesterday stated that his relations with the Postmaster and with all the employes of the office were of the pleasantest character, and that he retired simply to satisfy a desire cherished for some time past. Henry S. Drake, the cashier succeeds him, and in turn is succeeded by B. Frank Abbett. B. F. Dotts, ex Common Councilman from the Fourteenth ward, has been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the advancement of Mr. Abbett.

—Insurance policies in forty-nine companies and to the amount of $375 000 were carried by John Tyler, alias "A. Allen," under which latter name he died in November last, at a hotel in South Norwalk, Conn. The cause of his death was an overdose of morphine, and the New York *World* states that payment on some, if not on all, of the policies will be resisted, on the ground that the deceased and other parties conspired to defraud the companies. Nearly $250,000 of the total amount of the policies was made over to assist casual friends or business acquaintances, and the rest to his immediate relatives.

—Pinkerton detectives had been closely following the robbers of the Adams express car on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad since the night of the robbery, October 25th. Last week they succeeded in capturing the robbers and their accessories. The principal clue to the identity of the robbers was the "Jim Cummings" letters, which were written by Fred Wittrock, the man who entered the car and took the money. Of the $60,000 stolen nearly all has been recovered. On Tuesday afternoon the three robbers most directly interested in the crime plead guilty to the indictment of highway robbery, and Wittrock and Haight were each sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary, and Weaver to five years.

—Queen Victoria will be sixty-eight years old on the 24th of May next, and, *Deo volente*, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the throne on the 20th of the following June. Her health is said to be breaking, and doubts have been expressed as to whether she will live to the date of her proposed jubilee, but probably these are not well rounded. Should she die to day, but three of her predecessors would have reigned longer than she. The longest reign in the history of England is that of her grandfather, George III. It lasted fifty-nine years. He ascended the throne in 1760 and died in 1820. Henry III, who died in 1272, reigned fifty-six years. Edward III., in the next century, reigned fifty years. The next longest reign previous to the present is that of Elizabeth, which lasted fourty-four years. Her age was a remarkable one. Intellectually there is none more so in the records of the world, but as for material growth England has never known such an era as that of Victoria. Nor has there been a peaceful reign wherein there has been such a marked political advancement. It is a season for Democracy to celebrate rather than Monarchy. The aristocracy had virtually all the power when it began. Now the sceptre is practically in the hands of the people.

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WILL CURE
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INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
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"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

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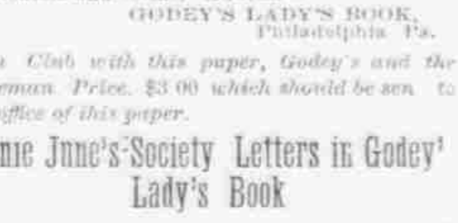

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I will sell at private sale my one third interest in the following lands lying in Cambria and Allegheny counties viz:

One-third interest in a tract of land situated in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., containing three hundred and sixty-seven acres, more or less, underlaid with several good veins of bituminous coal, a survey has been through this property from South Fork to Bedford for a railroad.

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Also, one-third interest in two lots of ground situated in the town of Portage, in Portage twp., Cambria county, Pa.

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The same will be sold free of all incumbrances and a good title guaranteed. For further particulars call on or address, C. A. McGONIGLE,
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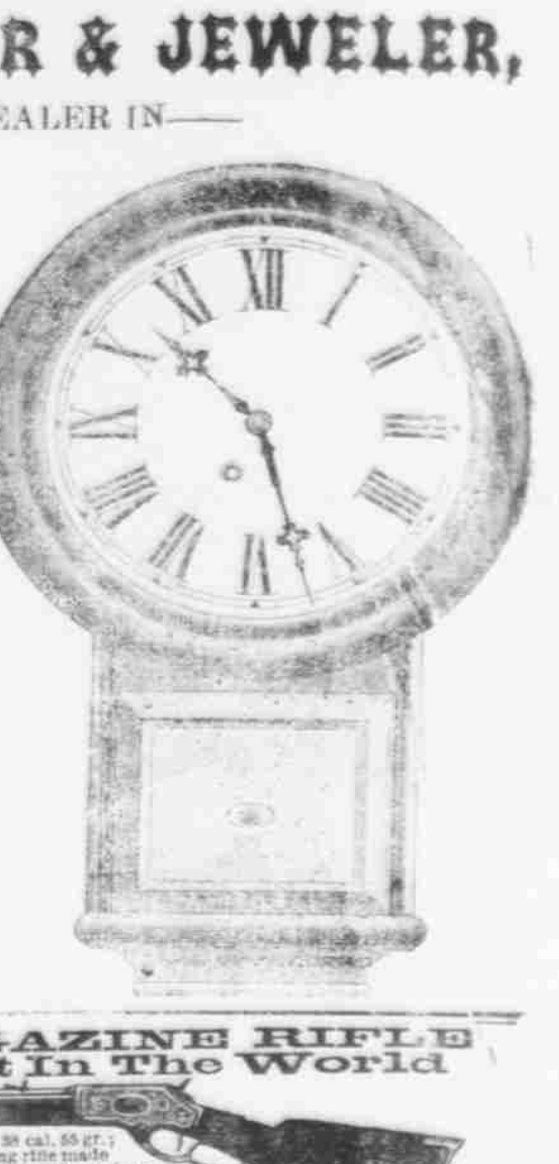

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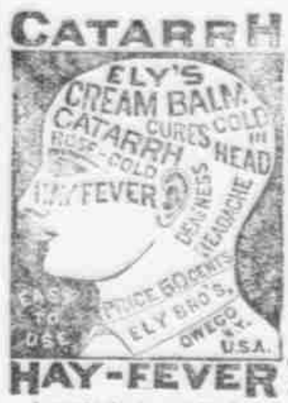

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P. S.—A few Fine Seal Plush Coats, Extra Length, Seal Loops, Chamois Pockets, Exra, $17.50 ; worth $22. Grasp this Golden Opportunity before it is too late.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—For fresh oysters go to the Sugar Bowl.

—A child of Joseph Wherry, of Wilmore, died at that place on Saturday last.

—The attention of our readers is called to the change in the advertisement of L. M. Woolf & Son, of Johnstown.

—For all kinds of canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The lecture of Will Carelton at Clearfield last week is spoken of by the Clearfielders as a rich, rare and racy treat.

—If you want a nice muff for $1.00 go to Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—William Kimball, formerly a resident of this place but for the past year a resident of Boston, Massachusetts, is home on a visit.

—Rupture instantly relieved by the use of the celebrated Fry Truss, for sale at Davison's drug store.

—Clearfield, Blair, Indiana, Somerset and Westmoreland are some of the counties in which teachers' county institutes were held last week.

—If you want to keep warm this weather buy an overcoat. The place to get an overcoat is at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, Pa.

—Mr. Francis Mulvehil, an old citizen of this place, is lying hopelessly ill with Bright's disease and his death is but a question of a few hours.

—Dr. Hostetter, of Allegheny, who is presumed to be good authority on the subject, is reported to have said in a recent interview that the South Penn railroad will be built.

—For the best flour in the market, always reliable go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Mrs. C. Foster, proprietress of the Laird House, Greensburg, Pa., which was burned out last week, has purchased the Fisher House, at that place and took charge of the house on Monday last.

—John R. Dougherty, who left this place about a year ago, and has since resided at Bradford and Kane, McKean county, returned on a visit to his native heath on Tuesday of last week.

—Those owing borough and school tax should bear in mind that it is but a short time now until the collector will add five per cent to the amount. Pay it in time and save the percentage.

—You can get a nice fleece lined glove worth 25 cts. for 10 cts. at Mrs. R. E. Jones.

—The following named persons can each get a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post-office: Mrs. Eliza Evans, Mrs. J. G. Brallier, Miss Annie L. Garman, Miss Emma James, H. C. Berkey, U. C. Luther, W. L. Wible.

—Wanted—Lumber in trade for a new Portable steam sawmill, 25 horse-power, 60 inch saw, 40 foot carriage and 80 foot ways. Apply to this office.

—County Superintendents Likens and Savage, at their teachers' institute held at Hollidaysburg and Clearfield respectively, last week, were unexpectedly thrown behind them. Each was presented with a handsome gold watch.

—The largest and best stock of overcoats ever brought to Central Pennsylvania is now to be seen at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, Pa.

—John Nagle and John N. Nagle, uncle and nephew, were arrested on Friday, December 23rd, and brought to jail for the robbery of Casper Carle in Clearfield township. The parties are residents of the neighborhood.

—Mr. Frank Gurley has been appointed Deputy by Register and Recorder Blair. Mr. Gurley is a competent clerk, of a genial and obliging disposition, and will fill the bill to the satisfaction of all having business to transact in that office.

—Daniel Kern aged about twenty-five years, formerly of Richland township, died at the Almshouse on Tuesday, the 4th inst. of paralysis and Mrs. Sarah Daugherty, formerly of Johnstown, aged about seventy-six years, died on Wednesday, the 5th inst.

—Mr. Milton Brown, who has filled the position of Deputy Register and Recorder for the past six years has accepted a position as draftsman in the office of the Johnstown Street Railway Co., at Johnstown and took his departure for that place on Monday last.

—The dwelling of Uriah Sides, in Pine Flat, Indiana county, was burned to the ground on last Saturday evening. Mr. Sides is away in the West and Mrs. Sides made a large fire in the grate and went to a neighbor's house and it is supposed the fire caught from that.

—J. Dugan, a brakeman employed on the Pittsburgh division, was run over and instantly killed on the railroad near Kittanning Point, Sunday morning he was in the act of coupling cars when the accident happened. He was a resident of Summerhill township, this county.

—Messrs H. A. Engelhart, of this place, Patrick O'Dowd, of Tunnelhill and C. B. Cover, of Johnstown, County Auditors, commenced the work of auditing the accounts of the county on Monday last. It is a long and tedious task and generally takes about three or four weeks to complete the work.

—The meeting of the legislature will bring up for discussion a number of bills of importance. The bills, however, that the people are mostly interested in are store bills. By buying at John Owens' store on High street you can save money on dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions and don't you forget it.

—Mr. Will Ward, of this place, is temporarily sojourning in Carrolltown, having gone thither on Monday last to act as foreman the on Carrolltown *News* until a competent successor can be obtained. Will can fill the bill to perfection but from ill health which is aggravated by work at the case does not desire permanent employment at the business.

—George Aukenbauer, charged with the murder of Samuel Gregg at Gallitzin on Christmas day, was brought before Judge Johnston on Wednesday last on a *habeas corpus*, and after a hearing was released on bail in the sum of five thousand dollars, George J. Schwaderer of Summit, and Henry Schuk, Charles Drass and Joseph Bradley, of Gallitzin, becoming his bondsmen.

—The miscreant who hurled a stone through a window of one of the Pullman cars of Limited express as it was passing Cresson Friday evening last, should be hunted up and punished severely for his offence. A gentleman who had occupied the berth through which the rock passed had gone to another portion of the car only a couple of minutes before it dashed through the window at which he had been sitting.

—A fire in Greensburg, Westmoreland county, on Wednesday of last week, destroyed ten buildings in the business portion of the town involving a loss of $100,000. Among the buildings burned was the Laird House, one of the best hotels in the place, and which was occupied by Mrs Christina Foster, formerly of the Cambria House, this place. Mrs. Foster's loss is about $2,000, which, we understand, is fully covered by insurance.

—On New Year eve a party was given by the ladies of the Lloyd House, those who were there say it was a very enjoyable occasion.

—Robert Hunt, a deaf mute, aged about fifty-six years, died at his home in West Taylor township a few days ago.

—The Chicago Mower Works are about being removed from that city to Johnstown. The works will occupy about two acres of ground, will employ between four and five hundred men and turn out about thirty complete mowers per day.

—Mr. William J. Ward, of this place was nominated, on Tuesday last at Harrisburg in the Democratic caucus for Transcribing Clerk of the House of Representatives. As the "loaves and fishes" however this session will be parceled out to members of the g. o. p we are sorry that we cannot congratulate Mr. Ward on something more substantial than the nomination, and the House of Representatives on having so competent a clerk.

—A job lot of white hemstitch handkerchiefs for 30 cts. at Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—Mr. Henry Byrne, of this place, as a matter of curiosity, on the 1st of January, 1886, commenced keeping an account of the number of eggs laid by his chickens. He had ten hens throughout the year, and on the last day of December he had received 1,003 eggs. Two of his hens raised broods and of course lost time while doing so. Mr. Byrne kept no account of what the eggs were worth, nor what it cost to keep his chickens, but kept an accurate account of the eggs received.

—The dead body of Charles Callahan was found on top of one of the coke ovens near Lilly on Sunday morning with the clothing burned entirely off and the flesh charred and roasted, presenting a horrible and sickening appearance. The deceased had been drinking on Saturday night and, it is supposed laid down on top of the oven to sleep and was suffocated by the gas, and that afterwards his clothing caught fire and burned off. He was about twenty eight years of age and unmarried.

—McDonald at Loretto still "holds the fort" on low prices as follows: 20 lbs brown sugar $1.00, 14 lbs white sugar $1.00, 3 lbs tea $1.00, 2 lbs chocolate or coco $1.00, 8 lbs green or roasted coffee $1.00, 5 lbs best roasted coffee $1.00, 4 boxes essence coffee 10cts, 4 papers baking soda 10cts., 2 boxes baking powder 10cts., 3 lbs prunes 25cts., 3 lbs rice, 25cts., 4 lbs barley 25cts., 5 lbs oatmeal 25cts, 6 lbs dried apples 25cts., good syrup 40 cts. best syrup 50cts., per gal, flour $1 10, salt $1.25. All other goods at equally low prices for cash or good marketable produce.

—The plant of the Cambria Iron Company at Mines, Blair county, known as the lower or No. 1 washery, comprising four Thomas washers, three pairs of elevators, jig house, boiler house, engine house, and other buildings, was almost completely destroyed by fire on Tuesday. The fire was discovered about 10 o'clock A. M., and it was not until 1.30 P. M. that the employees managed to get it under control. The jig house, machine shop and boiler house were saved from complete destruction. The loss is estimated at from $5,000 to $8,000, partially covered by insurance. It is the intention of the Company to rebuild at once.

—Peter Dunn, a resident of Washington township, this county, died at Lecky's hotel in Conemaugh borough, early last Friday morning, of consumption, aged sixty three years. He had lived the life of a hermit for twenty years on his land, and had gone to Lecky's hotel about a month before his death, where he remained bed-fast until his death. In his will, made the day previous to his death, he directed that his body be cremated, which was done at Pittsburgh on Saturday. Mr. Dunn was born in Italy but came to this country when a mere child. he was never married. In him Cambria county adds her first one to the list of cremated.

Educational.

The following programs for the Teachers' Reading Circles and Local Institutes have been prepared by the respective committees and forwarded for publication:

LORETTO, JANUARY 8th, 1887.

Morning sessions from 10 to 12. Reading and discussion of Parker's Talks, Raub's School Management and the Dec. *Educational Reporter*, Miss Rachael McCoy, Leader. Afternoon session from 1:30 to 4. Institute work—The proper use of School Signals Lewis Donahue, Geography Without Books, Olive Topper, Importance of Reviews, P. J. Little, Select Reading, Annie Haid, Directors Duties, Simon Vought, System in Penmanship, W. J. Cramer.

CARROLTOWN, JANUARY 8th, 1887.

Morning session, from 10 to 12. Reading and discussion of Parker's Talks, Raub's School Management and the Dec, *Reporter*. County Superintendent, Leader. Afternoon Session from 1:30 to 4. Incentives to Regular Attendance, Jas. E. Hesslin.

Variety in Spelling Classes—Miss Aggie Yahner.

Class Drill in Reading—C. A. Storm.

The Preparation of the Reading Lesson—Mr. I. P. Yahner.

System in Penmanship—F. E. Farabaugh.

The meeting at Loretto embraces the teachers of Allegheny Munster and Gallitzin districts. Barr, Susquehanna, Elder Chest and Carroll belong to the Carrolltown meeting. Teachers who have not procured a copy of Parker's Talks can get them at the meetings above announced. Directors and friends of education are invited.

Argument Court.

Argument Court met on Monday last with Judge Johnston and Associate Judges Flanagan and Masters on the bench.

The new county officials, elected at the last election, were called up and sworn in; Celestine J. Blair as Register and Recorder; H. A. Shoemaker as Prothonotary; H. G. Rose as District Attorney, and Dr. D. W. Evans as Coroner.

The Associate Judges occupied the bench during the swearing in of the officers, and after the officers had been sworn the Associate Judges retired, that being their last official act.

The bar list was called, a number of motions were made and petitions presented, but no business of general interest was transacted.

Most of the cases on the list were continued.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale By E. James

A Man Shot at Gallitzin.

About noon on Christmas day the residents of Gallitzin were horrified to learn that a murder had been committed in that place. Samuel Gregg, a young man, who, with several companions had been drinking to excess, called at the brewery of George Aukenbauer and wanted something to drink. Aukenbauer refused to give them liquor when they became angry and kicked up a fuss. Aukenbauer then put them out and they began hammering the door. He then seized a revolver, ran up stairs and fired, the ball striking young Gregg, who was in the act of throwing a stone at the door. The ball entered the left breast, below the heart and Gregg fell. He was picked up by his companions, carried into a house and a physician summoned, but medical aid was of no avail and the young man lingered in great agony until Sunday afternoon when he expired. Aukenbauer was arrested by Constable Gutwald, who, with a couple of assistants, started to bring him to this place to jail, but when they got as far as Loretto stopped off at the Highland House to warm. Aukenbauer's wife was with him and while the officers and prisoner warmed up in the bar room she sat in the parlor. Aukenbauer asked permission to take his wife a glass of beer, which was accorded him and he started in the direction of the parlor. After an absence of some time the officers went to look for him but he had gone. Instead of going to the parlor he went out of back door and cut over the hill past St. Francis' College. The officers tracked him for about a mile when they lost his trail. Nothing was heard of him until Wednesday last week when a dispatch was received by Sheriff Gray from the Sheriff of Bedford county announcing the fact that he had Aukenbauer under arrest.

The following particulars of his capture we take from the Bedford *Gazette*: "About 5 o'clock on Tuesday evening two men in a sled drove up to the Bedford house. One registered as Anthony Hines, Puzzletown, and the other as Karl Klein, but his place of residence could not be deciphered. It looked more like 'Germany' than anything else. Sometime after their arrival Hines formed the acquaintance of Mr. Frank P. Gilchrist, and to him he imparted the information that he believed Klein to be a murderer. He said that a young man named Samuel Gregg had been killed at Gallitzin, Cambria county, on Christmas, by George Aukenbauer, a brewer of that place, and he felt confident that the man who registered as Klein was Aukenbauer. Mr. Gilchrist became interested in the story and proceeded to make an investigation. He found in a Philadelphia newspaper a description of the personal appearance of the murderer, and it corresponded accurately with the stranger. Policeman May was informed of the situation, and it was decided to keep a close watch on Klein. After supper Klein visited a barber shop and had a full beard removed, leaving no hair on his face except a moustache. Meanwhile the Cambria county authorities were telegraphed, but the reply received was unsatisfactory, and the Bedford men hesitated to make the arrest without a clearer identification. A little after 7 o'clock Klein went to the railroad station and purchased a ticket for Cumberland, and when the train arrived he took a seat in one of the cars. Gilchrist, May, Hines and Shannon Fletcher followed him to the station. Fletcher had been doing a little 'shadowing' on his own account and had struck up an acquaintance with Klein. The latter recognized Fletcher and Hines at the station, and becoming alarmed at the mysterious movements of the party, he suddenly ran out of the car, jumped off the rear end and struck across the commons. His flight was discovered and May, Gilchrist and Fletcher started in pursuit. The fugitive refused to stop when commanded and May fired at him. This brought him to a halt and he quietly submitted to arrest. When searched in his cell the sum of $235 in cash was found in his pocket. He was not armed. He confessed that his name was Aukenbauer and that he lived in Gallitzin."

"Hines was asked by a *Gazette* reporter to explain his connection with the case. He said he lived in the village of Puzzletown, Blair county. About 11 o'clock on Monday night he was awakened by the entrance of someone into his bedroom. Upon rising he found a stranger present, who asked for accommodations for the night and wanted to know if Hines would take him to Bedford early in the morning. After some conversation it was agreed that Hines should entertain the stranger and take him to Bedford for $10. Hines had learned of the murder at Gallitzin and he suspected that the man who had entered his house in such mysterious manner was the murderer. These suspicions were confirmed in the morning when his brother in-law recognized the stranger as Aukenbauer. Hines, however, determined to stick to his agreement, and so he brought Aukenbauer over to Bedford.

St. Lawrence Hotel.

When you come to Altoona stop at this house, which is centrally located on Eleventh avenue, one square from the depot.—Having recently taken charge of this house, I have refurnished it throughout and intend keeping a first-class house. Good meals, good rooms and beds and polite attention are what I offer. Charges reasonable. Large parlor for the use of the public, where you can rest and warm yourself when shopping or waiting for the train. Ladies' entrance on Fourteenth street.

James Heaton, Proprietor.

December 10.—4t.

THE best medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will, by its own action, reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past few years obliges us to admit that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms quickly yield to it.

Obituary.

GEESINGER—Died in Portage Twp., Jan. 1, 1887, Joseph Geesinger, aged 70 years.

Deceased was born in Germany and came to this country in his infancy. He has resided about fifty years on the farm on which he died. He was a quiet, inoffensive citizen, an honest man and a good neighbor, and was through life a devoted and practical member of the Catholic Church. His wife and two children, Mary who is married and living at Columbus, Ohio, and George who is at home, survive him. Interment at Wilmore on Tuesday. Peace to his ashes.

C.

Hemlock Items.

Work at the mines here is better than it has been since last spring.

Our butchers and hotel keepers are busy laying in a supply of ice. The crop is a good one.

The mercury reached 16° below zero on Monday morning.

Mr. Joshua Aurandt sprained his foot very severely by a fall from a railroad car at Piper & Co.'s mines on Tuesday.

March & Co., who some time ago bought out F. A. Thompson's clothing stock, have closed out their stock and departed.

The Knights of Labor, of this place, held a festival in Thompson's Hall on Christmas afternoon and evening. Snyder's orchestra, of Altoona, furnished excellent music for dancing; while hungry mortals who attended were furnished with a bountiful supper at a moderate price. The net proceeds were nearly $110.

The Band boys held their festival in the same place on New Year, and despite the inclement weather it was a success.

Signor Lowanda and troupe held forth in Thompson's Hall during three nights of last week. They succeeded in gathering in a good deal of genuine silver and gave out considerable silver (?) that wasn't genuine in the shape of presents, etc. As fraunds they are to be commended.

On Sunday morning last there was brought to light one of those sickening casualties which fill one with horror. About 6 o'clock on that morning as a young man was passing the coke ovens of C. Leahey, one mile west of Lilly, he was horrified at discovering the dead body of a man on top of one of the coke ovens near the vent. So badly was the body burned and disfigured that for a time it could not be recognized. The young man ran for help and a crowd soon gathered. By means of a pair of gum boots on the corpse it was recognized as the body of Charles Callihan, a man aged about forty years and unmarried. He had been drinking heavily for a couple of weeks, and the previous evening had been to Lilly and was, no doubt, intoxicated. Returning towards home he had gone to the ovens to warm himself, and being overcome by the liquor and gases of the burning coal, he was literally roasted to death. The unfortunate man was of a quiet and peaceable disposition, but inordinately fond of drink. His only enemy was himself. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the remains being interred at Summit after a High Mass of Requiem at the Catholic church in this place. Poor unfortunate, may God have mercy on him.

C.

Winter Tours Over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Pursuant to the annual custom the Pennsylvania Railroad Company placed on sale at its offices, November 1st, a stock of winter excursion tickets to all the prominent winter resorts of New Jersey, Virginia, Florida, other prominent points in the Southern States, and to Havana. These tickets are to be sold at reduced rates, in consideration of which they are required to be used on the south bound trip within fifteen days from the date of purchase as stamped on the back, and for the return trip prior to May 31, 1887. Stop-off is permitted at any point named on the ticket, and if the tourist desires to break the journey at any other point, he should apply to the conductor of the train or purser of the boat, who will grant the permission by issuing stop-over check or notation on the ticket.

These tickets cover almost every Southern point to which winter travel tends, and the variety of route afforded by the extensive Southern connections of the Pennsylvania Railroad, commends its lines to the favor of the traveler, to whom ease, comfort, promptness, and speed are material considerations. Through buffet and sleeping cars run between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and Virginia and Florida points, and the tourist to Cuba may make the trip without interrupting his journey, except at Tampa, where he exchanges the car for the steamer.

For further and detailed information, apply to the ticket offices of the company and connecting lines.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the two weeks ending Wednesday, January 5th 1887.

Valentine Plows and Agnes Gillespie, South Fork.

William Wisel and Lizzie Thomas, Clearfield township.

Stephen Markovis and Eni Rincas, Millvile borough.

John Klein and Margaret Cramer, Portage township.

Henry Hoether and Carrie Mangus, Summerhill.

Jacob S. Edelman, Conemaugh borough and Anna Kate Berkenbush, Johnstown.

Patrick Jones Ryder and Mary Joyce, Altoona, Pa.

Emanuel W. Custer, Millville borough and Annie M. Orris, Johnstown borough.

Charles Hauber, Cambria borough and Ella Boyle, Minersville.

William A. F. Hammond, Altoona, Pa., and Mary J. Lohr, Hooversville, Somerset county, Pa.

Lawrence J. Smith, Latrobe, Pa., and Rachael Wilson, Carrolltown Pa.

John Charles Dishong, Jackson township, and Martha Elizabeth Orner, West Taylor township.

James Cullen and Jennie Finegan, South Fork.

Jessie Foust and Mary Shaffer, Stony Creek township.

David R. Weaver, Woodvale borough, and Maggie E. Rager, Franklin borough.

B. W. Wilson, Burnside township, Clearfield county and Eliza Oshall, Becaria township, Clearfield county.

William W. Rager and Rachael A. Eckels' West Taylor township.

James D. Patterson, Johnstown and Mary Ann Barrett, Conemaugh borough.

Daniel B. Adams, Jackson township and Emma J. Rager, West Taylor township.

Jacob Cronauer, Wilkesbarre and Anna Rose Miller, St. Boniface.

Poor House Statistics.

The following orders were granted by the Poor Directors at their meeting on Friday of last week.

Outdoor	$654.30.
Justice fees	87.10.
Hardware	21.24.
Salaries	54 13.
Drugs	17.35.
House M. D.	24.00.
Pumping	10.00.
Attorney fees	55 00.
Shoats	20.00.
Repairs House	3.47.
Coal	33.00.
Meat	31.02.
Merchandise	8.76.
Straw	2.50.
Coffins, House and Work	22.00
Lime	3.00.
Bran	3.00.
Farmer	22 00
10 Barrels of flour	46.50.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,

Toledo Grades Unrivalled. For samples, quotations and information, address

S. W. FLOWER & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Active, Pushing and Reliable.

E. James can always be relied upon to carry in stock the purest and best goods, and sustain the reputation of being active pushing and reliable, by recommending articles of well established merit, and such as are popular. Having the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, colds, and coughs, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of throat, lungs or chest, and in order to prove our claim, we ask you to call and get a trial bottle free

Distress After Eating.

This result of indigestion will no longer be experienced if Simmon's Liver Regulator is taken after each meal. It is such a good digester and so mild and pleasant in its effect that it is used by many, after a hearty meal, to insure digestion. The Regulator does not nauseate or irritate the stomach but corrects acidity, dispels foul gases, allays irritation, and assists the stomach in its digestion.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed an Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of Samuel Clark, Executor of Sarah Hannah Brown, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg on Tuesday, the twenty fifth day of January, 1887, at ten o'clock A. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all claims on said fund must be presented or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.

M. D. KITTELL,
Auditor.

Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 7, 1887-3t.

TO ADVERTISERS!

For a check for $20 we will print a ten line advertisement in One Million issues of Leading American Newspapers. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent a line, for 1,000 Circulation. The advertisement will be placed before One Million *different* newspaper purchasers;—or FIVE MILLION READERS. Ten lines will accommodate about 75 words. Address with copy of Adv. and check, or send 30 for book of 150 pages. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

Dec 10, 1886.

FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the following desirable property for rent: An elegant store room 20x40 feet, elegant glass window, suitable for hardware store or any other store and there is a tinshop and tool in same building. There is a good garden and lot attached, and rooms in the building suitable for dwelling. A splendid opportunity for one wanting to start a hardware and tinning establishment the trade is already established as I have been carrying on the business for years. The above property is situated in Carrolltown, Cambria County, Pa.

ALSO, several lots of ground in a good state of cultivation situated in Carroll township, convenient to the Borough. Possession given April 1st, 1887. Call on or address,

ANDREW H HAUG,
Carrolltown Cambria Co., Pa.

Dec. 24, '86.

PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST.

FOR 1887.

ENLARGED TO 12 PAGES,—
THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER
IN PITTSBURG!

After January 1, 1887, *The Weekly Post* will be enlarged to Twelve Pages, one half larger than its present size, thus making the Largest and Cheapest paper in the Country.

POLITICAL.—Always Democratic, giving a cordial and candid support to the National Administration.

LITERARY—Illustrated tales, sketches, choice miscellany, biography, and poetry.

WASHINGTON—Ample and reliable correspondence, mail and telegraphic; Congressional proceedings.

MARKETS—Careful reports of the Pittsburg, Foreign and other markets; live stock quotations; the wool growers' interests; money and stock markets, at home and abroad.

CORRESPONDENCE—Interesting and sprightly letters from special correspondents in Paris, New York and Washington, the South and West.

In short in the 12 pages and 84 columns of *The Weekly Post* will be found that careful variety of reading that interests the man of business, the farmer, the politician, the student, and pre-eminently the family and household circle.

Address,

THE POST,
Pittsburg, Pa.

A RARE CHANCE

To get a First-Class Illustrated Magazine, with a Premium to every subscriber. This offer is made by the Publisher of

LEISURE HOURS

Best and Cheapest Home and Fashion Magazine published.

—$1.50 per year in advance.—

Contains each month, Fashion and Fancy work Plates, Fashion Notes, Original Illustrated Articles, Stories, Poems, &c., Society Notes, Hints for Farm, Garden and Household. Send stamp for circular giving list of

—PREMIUMS.—

G. H. HOBART, Publisher.
P. O. Box 1877. 292 Broadway, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS
FOR
HOLIDAY GOODS.

I have now on hand a Large and Fine Assortment of Mufflers, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Dolls, Brass Placques, and Hand Satchels, with all the Latest Novelties in Fancy Goods.

Also, a complete line of Wraps, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats, Cloths, Gloves, Hosiery, Muffs, Hoods, Toboggan Caps, Shawls and Underwear all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Mrs. R. E. JONES.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
Office in Armory Building.

WANTED—LADY Active and intelligent, to represent in her own locality an old firm. References required. Permanent position and good salary. GAY & BROS., 12 Barclay St., N.Y.

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY and Ore Pans, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work.—Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Hoisting engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. (Jan. 22.-1y.)

STRAYED away from the subscribers residing at Gallitzin, Pa., about two months ago one red and white spotted two year-old steer with left horn bent down and one red and white two-year-old heifer. Any information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received by the undersigned.

ANSTEAD & DASHNER.

Gallitzin, Pa., Dec 17, 1886. 3-t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of Peter Maloy, Sr., late of Barr township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and all those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to

MICHAEL DOWNY,
Adm'r of Peter Maloy, dec'd.

Barr twp., Dec. 17th 1886.-6t.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual election of Directors of Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the Secretary, in Ebensburg, on Monday, January 10, A. D. 1887, between the hours of 10, a. m. and 2 p. m.

T. W. DICK,
Secretary.

Dec. 17, 1886, 3-t.

AGENTS WANTED.

Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men. *Address*,

Security Mutual Benefit Society,
233 Broadway, New York.

Nov. 26, '86-3 m.

WANTED.—Local and General Agents in each town and city of the Union on Salary or Commission, to solicit orders from business men for our elegant, new style, nickle plated and low priced door plates. Our Salesmen make $5 to $10 a day. We will furnish case with two Sample Plates, to any person with reliable references. Circulars, Testimonials, References, &c., sent on application.

MICH. DOOR PLATE Co.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Nov. 11, 1886.

STRAY SHEEP.—Came to the residence of the subscriber in Blacklick township on or about the 1st of September last four sheep. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

THOMAS L. EDWARDS.

Dec. 3, 1886.

The American Detective Bureau,
Main Offices, 94 and 98 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 1885 by David H. Gilkinson, ex-U. S. Gov't Detective. Organized and conducted on the system of the United States Secret Service. Confidential Agents in all the Principal Cities of the United States and Canada.

D. d. Gilkinson, Principal and Gen Supt. Heber McDowell, Superintendent. Hon. John Dalzell, Attorney for the Bureau. Reference: James J. Brooks, Chief Secret Service Division, Washington, D.C. Send for Circular.

STRAYS.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Chest township, on or about October 10, 1886, a white steer, two years old, with a notch cut in his left ear. Also, about the same time, a red and white spotted heifer, two years old, no marks visible. The owners are requested to come forward and prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

CHAS. RHODY.

FARMERS
BASE THEIR VALUATIONS OF FERTILIZERS

Upon the actual results obtained from their use. An application of

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE

TO

WHEAT AND GRASS, CORN, OATS, BUCKWHEAT and all VEGETABLES,

is universally followed by large and satisfactory crops.

BAUGH'S RAW BONE MANURES have a national reputation. As active and permanent Manures for all Crops, they have no superiors. They are adapted to drilling, being fine and uniform in condition.

If your dealer has none of our goods on hand, send your orders direct to us.

For Circulars, Prices, etc., address

BAUGH & SONS, Manufacturers and Importers,
20 South Delaware Ave., PHILA., PA.

[illegible]

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THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES is delivered by carriers in all the cities, towns and villages surrounding Philadelphia for SIX CENTS a week, and is sold by boys and newsdealers for ONE CENT a copy. It is universally conceded to be the BEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD for the price, publishing all the Associated Press News, Quotations of the Produce and Money Markets and ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD in a compact and readable form. It is not excelled in Quality or Quantity by any paper at any price. By Mail—Four Months, One Dollar. One Year, Three Dollar post-paid. One Month, 30 cts.

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SIXTY-FOUR Columns of magazine-newspaper reading matter, crisp, attractive, interesting, instructive. The ANNALS OF THE WAR, by active participants, illustrated; Woman's World, contributed to by some of the BEST WOMEN WRITERS IN AMERICA; The Latest Fashions; TIMES' YOUNG PEOPLE—by themselves; ORIGINAL STORIES, both short and continued; Topics of the Time; Pointed Editorial Comment; SPECIAL ARTICLES on thousands of subjects, and ALL THE NEWS are among its attractions. Terms, $2 per annum; clubs of ten, $15, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club.

THE SUNDAY TIMES.

12 Pages—96 Columns—5 Cents—$2.00 a Year.

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TIMES BUILDING,
PHILADELPHIA

BEFORE STOCK TA

At no time in the whole year can we offer y more inducements to buy than just now. I few week we take an annual inventory of sto and wishing to have it at its very lowest w the painful duty commences, have resolved reduce the prices on winter goods such as O coats, Heavy Weight Suits, Underwear, F Caps and Gloves to such a figure that will ins their speedy disposal.

This may seem a funny thing to do in middle of the coldest weather but we well kn that in one month more the demand for suc goods is abated and they are then doomed to carried over for another season.

Our motto is and always will be "New Seaso New Goods," and now is the time to strike us f a bargain that counts. Don't take our word f it see for yourselves. Our $8 overcoats, o $10 suits, our 90c fur caps and our 50c glov then you'll talk.

L. M. WOOLF & SON,
Johnstown, P

THE BOTTOM
IS REACHED AT LAST.

The largest stock of hardware ever offered in the County can be found at my store. I am now selling many goods at much less than I can replace them for, but I will continue to sell at Bottom Prices until I am compelled to replenish my stock. When you want a cooking or heating stove, tinware hardware, nails, iron, glass, trunks and farming implements, call and see my stock and learn my prices.

Aug 13, '85.

G. HUNTLEY,
HIGH STREET, - - - EBENSBURG

HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Reader, we are well aware that [illegible] Life-Size Portrait [illegible] Artistic Portraits [illegible] FREE [illegible] send full hair, (sample, if possible), color Eyes, Drapery, Jewelry, Complexion, if Crayon or Ink unnecessary, "black and white used only." We can enlarge to Life-Size any kind small picture, but of course better the small one the better the portrait will be. Send money by Postal Order, Registered Letter, Postal Note, Draft on N. Y., or Express prepaid. No portraits sent C. O. D. to Canada or west Minn., Iowa, Mo., Ark., and La. Orders from there must be accompanied with cash in full, $9.75. If you wish an amateur outfit to make Photos by Dry Plate process without experience send 24 cts for 80 page book "How to make Photos," and sample Photo made by Empire Camera. If you wish a Magic Lantern, or act as agent for our portraits, or ask any question, enclose stamp and address EMPIRE COPYING CO., 381 Canal St., New York. Nov. 26, 3 m

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AT LOW PRICES.

Each week I will earnestly endeavor to give my patrons better opportunities to supply their wants by increasing my already large stock of harness, bridles, saddles, blankets, robes whips, etc. I will be pleased to have all those in need of anything in my line call at my establishment, inspect articles and ascertain prices.

G. L. FREDERICK,
Ebensburg, Pa.

THE GOLDEN AGE COOKING STOVE.
OVER 50,000 IN USE.

Inpresenting to the favorable consideration of the public the Golden Age Cooking Stove, we do so with the utmost confidence in its merits as a successful operating cook stove. It has been thoroughly tested, we having sold in the last three years over 50,000 of them. We would call attention to the construction of the stove, it being in the highest degree graceful and well proportioned. For weight, smoothness of castings and perfect fittings it is unequalled. As a BAKER it is PERFECT, and we believe that this, our latest production, is, without exception, the finest and best operating cook stoves made to day.

Sold by JOHN FENN, Johnstown, Penna.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

Opposite Mountain House, in Lloyd's Building.

HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find me at my place of business [illegible] CLEAN TOWELS [illegible]

FOR SALE.

A valuable Hotel property known as the Mountain House, situate in Ebensburg, Pa. For terms apply to the undersigned [illegible]

—Ebensburg, May 21, 1886. [illegible]

WANTED SALESMEN [illegible] No experience needed. [illegible] A. McNEERY & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

ALL kinds of Job work neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 page Pamphlet 10c.

FARM FOR SALE!

A valuable farm situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, about five miles from Loretto, adjoining lands of James Kaylor, W. S. Buck, and others containing

ABOUT 100 ACRES,

Having thereon erected a [illegible] DWELLING HOUSE, large barn and all necessary outbuildings. [illegible]

STRAY.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Allegheny township, [illegible]

ALEXIS PARRISH.

Clairvoyance.

"I was practicing law in a small country town in Indiana a number of years ago," said Gen. Lew Wallace to a reporter "and was at work upon the 'Fair God' during odd moments. I had never paid any attention to clairvoyance and that sort of thing, and scoffed at all who believed that man may have knowledge of what pertains to the other world. There was a tailor living in the town who was exceedingly superstitious. He had frequently invited me to witness some of his manifestations, but I had always refused. One night as I was walking toward home, after having been engaged in some work at my office, I saw a light in the tailor's shop window, and something prompted me to stop. My friend and a boy apprentice were at work when I entered. The tailor gave me a chair, and we began to talk over mesmeric influence and kindred matter. After awhile he asked me if I would care to hear some rappings. I told him to suggest something else, as anybody could make rappings. He then suggested clairvoyance, and I told him to go ahead.

"Now at this point it is necessary to say that for the following day I had a business engagement with a farmer who lived near town in an old-fashioned log house. I had driven past the place and was familiar with the house and road to it.

"The tailor proceeded with his arrangements by placing the boy on his bench with his face to the wall. The man turned down the lamps in the shop and directed his attention to the little fellow, making passes with his hands around and above him.

In a few minutes the boy, who was pale and sickly in appearance, went into a sort of trance, and the tailor told me to take hold of one of the little chap's hands and fix my mind on some incident in my life or on some place that I had visited. The farm house I alluded to a moment ago came into my mind at once, and I thought of it intently. Almost immediately the boy's lips began moving, and in a loose, disconnected way he described the log house, the roads leading to it, and many little details as they passed through my mind. But after following me for a time he stopped, and then began speaking something of his own volition, or rather that of which I was not thinking. He said that it was night and that the house was dark. And then he said that the door opened, and a man came out carrying a lamp in his hand. He walked out to the hen-house and opened the door while he looked into it; then closed the door, returned to the house, and all was dark again. At this point the boy seemed to be growing very weak, and I told the tailor to rouse him, which he did by waving his hands in the air.

"... the shop in a short time, not- ...k. ...ed ...en ...ess ...he which was ... started to go I asked him where he had been at 10 o'clock the previous ... He was surprised at the questio... answered that he supposed h... asleep. I told him to think abo... a minute.

"'Oh, yes,' he said presently, 'I remember now. There was an animal of some kind causing a disturbance in the hen-house, and I got up just about that time to see what the matter was. Everything had quieted down, when I got there, and then I returned to the house.'

"I told the story to my client, who was greatly interested," the general said in conclusion, "and the incident made such an impression upon my mind that I wove it into the story."

They Took Seats.

Two young Detroiters, who are acquainted with a country schoolmaster having a school about twelve miles from the city, were invited out to a spelling-school a few nights since, and they took a horse and drove out. There was a large gathering of farmers and an exciting contest was looked for. Just previous to the beginning of the exercises a young fellow whose head would have bumped a six-foot mark and who weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds, called one of the Detroiters aside and asked:

"Are you two fellows going to spell?"

"Purty good at it?"

"I think we can down you all."

"You do, eh? Now you look a-here! I've come down here to-night to spell this school down. My gal is here to see me do it. I hain't no objections to your spelling along till we come to the word 'catarrh' but after that you can't drop down any too soon! If either one o' you fellows beat me you'd better have the wings of a dove to fly out of this, or I'll gin ye both the all-firedest licking two dudes ever got!"

They stood up with him until all the others went down, and then at a look full of deepest meaning, both missed and left him victor. When he carried off the honors, he came around and said:

"Much obliged, and I hope you don't feel hurt. Shouldn't have cared much about it, but Susan had her heart set on it, and Susan's got eighty acres and a drove of sheep."

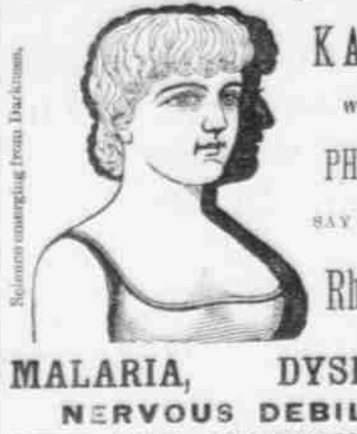
Women Customers.

"I hate women customers," replied a saleswoman in a dry-goods store. She had been asked plumply whether she preferred waiting on men, and this was her plump answer.

"Why do you prefer men?"

"Because they know what they want, and don't care to keep you standing an hour while they fumble over and rumple up the goods on the counter. Why, only to-day I was showing a lady black stockings. Of course they were all of the same size and quality, yet she dragged every pair out of that box and then wanted to see more. I handed down two boxes like this one, and then she asked if we had any more. I told her no, and then she said I might wrap up one pair for her. The lady next to me made nine different sales to gentlemen while I was fooling with one woman. I am going to try to get a place in a hardware store, or some place where women don't have to deal with women.

THE NEW QUININE.


Science emerging from Darkness.

KASKINE

WHAT THE PHYSICIANS SAY ABOUT IT IN

Rheumatism,

MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA,

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

LIVER, LUNG AND KIDNEY DISEASE.

The eminent and celebrated Dr. Glessner writes: The Kaskine Co.—Dear Sirs— The first greatest successes I had with Kaskine were in chills and fever, malaria, nervous debility, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and liver diseases, and I considered at that time it was undoubtedly the best medicine ever discovered, but I was even then unfamiliar with its really wonderful powers in curing all the other germ diseases and disorders, particularly where the blood has become diseased or impoverished and the digestion impaired. Strictly speaking, Kaskine is the only blood purifier we have. I use it also very largely with unfailing success in all diseases peculiar to women and children. In over three hundred cases I have cured there has never been the slightest bad effect following its use, and it is far superior to any tonic or nerve medicine ever known to the medical profession. Very truly yours,
L. M. Glessner, M. D., 300 East 121st St. New York.

Prof. W. F. Holcombe, M. D., 54 East 25th St., N. Y. (late Prof. in N. Y. Med. college) writes: "Kaskine is superior to quinine in its specific power, and never produces the least injury to the hearing or constitution."

The U. S. Examining Surgeon, Dr. L. R. White, writes: "Kaskine is the best medicine made."

St. Francis' Hospital, N. Y.: "Every patient treated with Kaskine has been cured."

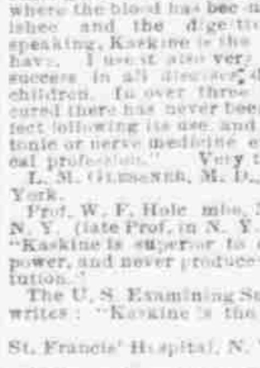
Bellevue Hosp'tal, N. Y.: "Universally successful."

St. Joseph's Hospital, N. Y.: "Its use is considered indispensable. It acts perfectly."

Kaskine is pleasant to take and can be used without special medical counsel.

Send for the great book of testimonials unparalled in the history of medicine. $1 a bottle Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York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clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"Water Bugs, Roaches."
"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles, ants.

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A Dictionary
118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,
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of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons,
All in one Book.

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TEA CLUBS

THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.

SALESMEN WANTED

CHASE BROTHERS, Rochester, N. Y.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

EVERY ONE Who Owns a WAGON Wants a BEERS' FOLDING CANOPY TOP.

DRAW-POKER

Franklin Publishing Co.

P. T. BARNUM'S New Book

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE."

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FAMILY SCALES

The Old Doctor

NERVOUS DEBILITY HALLS OF WEAKNESS AND DECAY.

A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address Dr. WARD & CO. Louisiana, Mo.

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.

Killing a Panther.

Recently several farmers in the neighborhood of Big Indian, Ulster county, N. Y., have suffered depredations upon their stock, calves and sheep being found torn and partially eaten. This was attributed to stray dogs until the recent snow storms, when footprints were found in the snow resembling those of a panther. Recently several of a flock of sheep belonging to Philip Diedrick were found dead and mangled. A party was hastily formed, and, accompanied by several dogs, started in quest of this unusual and undesirable visitor. After a hard tramp of several miles through snow eight or nine inches deep the hunters perceived by the excitement of the dogs that they were close upon their quarry, and in a short time they were engaged in a fierce struggle with a full-grown male panther. The place of encounter—a thick clump of trees on the edge of a cliff—was not accessible to the hunters, and so excited were the dogs that it was impossible to call them off in order to fire at the panther without killing or wounding them. The ferocious beast killed one of his assailants and would probably have escaped, so cowed were the others, but for the tenacity of a bull-dog, which clung to him so desperately that it was impossible to shake him off, and they finally both rolled over the cliff, when a well directed shot instantly killed the panther. The dog had been so seriously injured in the struggle that it was found necessary to dispatch it also.

An Insulted Fat Woman.

A woman weighing 369 pounds, wearing her hair cut short, entered the office of the President of the San Antonia street railroad company and in a voice that was a cross between a bass violin, and a boiler shop, said:

"I come here to complain of the driver of one of your cars."

"What's he been doing?" asked the official.

"In crossing the car track I had the misfortune to slip and fall, and I could not get upright away, for as you see I am not Sarah Bernhardt. I'm fat all over"

"Well, what next?"

"The driver of the car stopped his mule and insulted me."

"What did he say?"

"He said that if I would get up and let him drive on that I could sit down again on the track as soon as the car had passed."

"I shall have him reprimanded," said the official.

"Thank you, sir, thank you, I'll patronize your street car line hereafter, that is if I can get in the doors. Good morning, sir."

As she passed out, the official remarked to a clerk:

"She may not be 'all wool,' but she certainly is a yard wide.

As Big as They Could Afford.

That great conflagration in Boston in 1872 made the fortunes of some and destroyed those of others. The family here alluded to were severely crippled by the calamity and were forced to economize in every particular until the business that mantained them got on its feet again. They moved into a small house in the suburbs and the children of the family were denied many luxuries to which they had been accustomed.

A month or two after the fire a baby was born to the household and was duly presented to little Ellen, a six-year-old daughter of the house.

"How do you like him, Ellen?" she was asked.

"Oh, he's very nice, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh he's so very little. But then, I suppose he's as big as we can afford just now.

Progressive Christianity.

"Ah," said the Superintendent, "and here is Tommy Goodboy's missionary offering, $27,50. That will make some little heathen hearts glad. Now tell us how you got this money, Tommy. "Yes, sir," said Tommy, speaking up loudly and distinctly, like the good boy that he was; part of it pa won on Exchange, some of it ma won on a crazy-quilt raffle and some sister Laura won at progressive euchre, $2 brother Bill won on the horse race, 20 cents I got for marbles I won playing keeps, and the rest I won in a grab bag and a prize cake at the church fair." After a brief consultation the brethern decided that they would send the money to the heathen, but wouldn't tell how it was raked in. There are some things in modern Christianity it isn't best even for the heathen to know.

In the Band.

A gentleman who had recently united with the Methodist Church, was invited to play in a brass band. Determined not to bring discredit on his brethern, he called upon his pastor and asked:

"Brother Higgs, can a man be a Christian and play in a brass band?"

"A brass band?"

"Yes, Brother Higgs."

"Cornet or trombone?"

"Either."

"Nice fellows in the band?"

"Yes, first rate."

"The danger, then, brother Jones, is not so much of your falling off from grace, as for the fellow who passes through the fiery temptation of hearing you practice!",

One of 'Em.

"Who are the benefactors of the human race?" thundered the lecturer as he brought down his hand on the desk with a thump that made a water-spout rise out of the pitcher: "who are the benefactors of the human race, I ask?"

"I guess I'm one of 'em," said a little man, rising in the back seat.

The lecturer was rather taken aback but after a pause, he managed to inquire:

"And what have you done—built a railroad?"

"No, sir; I've invented a bed-bug poison."

HEARTLESS CRUELTY

it is to delude a poor sufferer into the belief that some worthless liniment will cure rheumatism and neuralgia. Honesty is the best policy in the manufacture of proprietary articles as in all other matters, and the fact that the proprietors of Athlophoros have never claimed for it even all its merit would warrant has not a little to do with its wonderful popularity, and the thousands of grateful testimonials received by them show that their policy has been wise as well as right.

Experience has amply demonstrated that mere outward applications are worthless. The disease has its seat in the blood, and any remedy to be successful must deal with the obstructive acid which poisons and inflames it.

Athlophoros acts on the blood, muscles and joints directly. It takes the poison out of the blood and carries it out of the system; it invigorates the action of the muscles and limbers the stiffness of the joints. It reaches the liver and kidneys, cleansing them from irritating substances, and, if followed up after the rheumatic conditions cease, it will restore these organs to regularity and health.

West Chazy, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1886.
Yours of August 14th, is at hand, and in reply would say that Athlophoros proved the most effectual remedy for neuralgia in the case of my son that I ever tried. After using half a bottle he was not troubled any more for six months.
HENRY HARRIS.

Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Aug. 10, 1886.
I am thankful that I tried Athlophoros. I had rheumatism seven years, part of the time could not move; but to-day I am well and hearty. I write this hoping some other sufferer may try it.
W. S. FLEMING.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled. 9

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Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the Mack Publishing Co., 528 and 530 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated "Ladies' Books." It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their famous household game Verba.

For ten cents they will also send a book containing complete words of "The Mikado," and music of its most popular songs, together with ten exquisite chromo cards.

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In Handsome Packages, Price 50 Cts.

Prepared solely by
The Royal Pharmaceutic Co.
LONDON AND NEW YORK,
130, 132, 134 Charlton St.

ROYAL PILLS.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

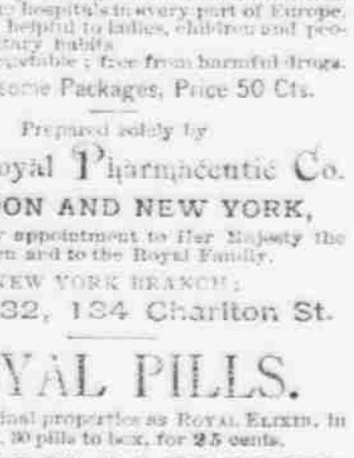
REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR!

Vinegar Bitters CORDIAL,	{ delicious taste, }	50c.
Vinegar Bitters POWDERS, 50 doses,		50c.
Vinegar Bitters, new style,	{ pleasant taste, }	$1.00
Vinegar Bitters, old style, bitter taste,		$1.00

The World's Great Blood Purifier and Life Giving Principle.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The past fifth of a Century the Leading Family Medicine of the World.



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DR. SELLERS'

OVER 1000000 BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE 25 CTS.

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DON'T FORGET THAT DR. LINDSEY'S Blood Searcher ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILS, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. R. E. SELLERS & CO. Props. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SUPERB

VERY SALEABLE

A Snake Geranium.

"A snake geranium?"

"Yes that is what I call it," said the doctor.

I stooped down to examine the flower. Hideous, repulsive, yet strangely attractive, the snake geranium seemed to hold me under a spell.

To describe this flower one would have to paint life and motion. Mere color is not enough. As I looked the evil thing glared at me with sinister intelligence. There was nothing remarkable about the stock and the leaves of the plant. The blossom was what riveted my gaze. Black, sinuous and slimy, it looked more like a snake than anything else. As I changed my point of view the thing changed its aspect. Its scales were a purplish black, then a dirty brown. Two little glassy beads in the monster's head glittered with prismatic hues and looked straight into my eyes. Was I mistaken? I could have sworn that this awesome bloom turned and twisted with the uncanny freakishness of a reptile.

"You know something of botany," said the doctor, "how do you classify it?"

"It is not to be classified, I answered. "It is a monstrosity. There is nothing like it. Is it poisonous?"

"I think so," was the reply, "the old African who found it called it a 'pizen plant,' but I renamed it."

I had seen nearly every thing worth seeing in the floral world, but this singular plant blooming unnoticed in an obscure corner of a country doctor's garden amazed me beyond expression.

From the first the sickening odor of the flower had been terribly oppressive. In fact, it had prevented a close examination. Suddenly my brain seemed benumed, a cold chill seized me, and, with a face of deadly pallor, I reeled and would have fallen to the ground but for the doctor's strong arm.

I was half sick, or rather in a dazed, half stupefied state, for days after my return to town. One evening a negro called at my house with a note from my friend, the doctor, and a covered basket. The messenger was gone before I could read the note. I glanced at the paper and then opened the basket. I did not know whether to laugh or be angry. Comfortably fixed in a big jar, the snake geranium gave a flirty twist and snapped its wicked eyes in my face.

To have this floral horror in my house was out of the question, and yet I was proud of the monster. I made a servant carry it to a sunny nook in the back yard. She returned with chattering teeth.

"De lawd hab massy!" she exclaimed, "dat thing's alive. Hit'll bite sho's yer bawn!"

I did not contradict her. In fact I agreed with her.

Sometimes I carried my friends to see my pet. I invariably had the satisfaction of hearing them swear, and generally I had to send them home in a carriage. One whiff of the snake geranium was enough to make a tottering wreck of the strongest man.

A little girl next door took a wonderful fancy to the flower. Frequently she came over when I was absent and spent an hour at a time fondling the plant and looking at it. Of all the persons who saw it she was the only one not affected by its peculiar odor. Sometimes I got into a deep study over the mutual attachment existing between the monster and the girl. I call it mutual because it was impossible to view my snake geranium without giving it credit for life and intelligence. The girl was a queer little creature, with midnight hair and velvety eyes. She had a certain impish beauty that made me shudder. Between the girl and the geranium I came near being deviled to death.

As the weeks passed on the girl continued her visits. She grew thinner and paler, and her eyes grew paler and blacker. More than once I overheard the servants whispering that the snake geranium was killing the child. This alarmed me, and one day I told my young neighbor that the plant was poisonous and she must not go near it. She rather shrank from me and with a sorrowful look sped homeward without saying a word.

I came home unexpectedly one day, and found the girl paying a surreptious visit to the flower. I went to her full of wrath, but was disarmed by what I saw. The poor thing had fainted, and wriggling and squirming over the side of the jar, within a few inches of the child's face, was that diabolical geranium.

I took my visitor home and told her mother all about it. We spoke with some severity to the little offender, but we thought it was for her good. I never once thought of destroying my monster.

No words can express the horror I felt the next morning when I heard that my girl neighbor was dead. She had been found lifeless and cold in bed at an early hour. Her appearance, I was told, was that of a person who had been poisoned. On the pillow was a slimy mark that resembled a serpent's trail.

When I heard this I rushed frantically out to the corner containing my geranium. One of the servant's divined my purpose and followed me. In the jar we saw the stalk of the plant with a few leaves attached to it, but the horrible blossom, where was it?

The snake geranium was gone! I could not utter a word. I had no inquiries to make, and I wanted to bear no exclamations. I ran back to the house, but I heard the old negro cry out:

"Hit's gone! Hit done crawled ober into de nex' yard. I see hit's track.

Frightened to Death.

Never frighten children. A man in Trenton, whose fourteen-year-old boy got to staying out too late nights, put a black mask on his face, hid in a dark alley, and jumped out at his son with a fearful yell as the boy passed by. But it happened that a policeman was strolling along at the same time, and as he caught sight of the masked figure he shrieked with terror, ran four miles at the top of his speed and dropped dead, while the boy, hastily calling together a mob of his fellows, pursued his father down the alley, with bricks and language, both hard. And yet, in spite of these terrible lessons, there are grown people who foolishly delight in frightening children. Still, the same person isn't liable to scare the same boy oftener than once in a century.

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

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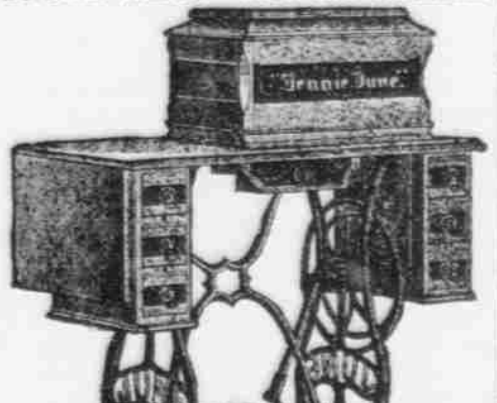

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He Couldn't See.

A fat old man who should have known better, dragged himself up three long flights of stairs and entered an editorial room.

"Whew! Coming up these stairs makes me blow," he said.

"Yes," the editor replied. "What can I do for you?"

The old fellow laughed as he took a small piece of paper from a tin spectacle case.

"Here's something that I jotted down," he said. "You needn't put my"—laughing heartily—"my name to it."

The editor took the scrap of paper and read the following:

"If a war should occur between England and Russia it will be a Wall street affair: Between the Bull and the Bear."

"Wall street will have nothing to do with it," said the editor.

"Oh, don't you see? It is a pun that I made myself."

"No, I don't see. It appears to read all right, though if there were really anything of it the telegraph would have———"

"Hand it here!" The old fellow snatched his contribution and lugged himself downstairs.

Conjugal Affection.

It is extremely common to decide conjugal affection, and to consider it as something to be made fun of, but there are exhibitons of it that are very pleasing.

A very dear and loving little woman was seated by her husband one evening, before a pleasant fire, when she moved her low rocking chair close to him, and placed her sweet little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it quite affectionately up and down, as if smoothing out all the wrinkles.—The good man looked graciously into her upturned eyes, expecting the sweetest of kisses when she said:

"Husband dear?"

"What, darling."

"I was just thinking"—

"Yes, my love."

"I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would work into rag carpet!"

WIFE—"Here is an item in this paper about a man who lost a thousand dollars last night at poker. I do think it is scandalous the way men squander their money; there ought to be a law against this gambling business. By the way, John, I would like to have some money to pay that millinery bill."

Husband—"Why, I gave you ten dollars yesterday to pay that bill."

"Yes, I know; but I spent that money in 'chances' at the church fair last night and wasn't lucky enough to win anything.

Ebensburg & Cresson R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Luckett,	9.07	11.20	5.35
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.42
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	5.52
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.09	3.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.25	10.20	3.30
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.37
Luckett	7.38	10.32	3.45
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson	9.10	5.20
Wildwood	9.28	5.28
Lawson	9.32	5.36
Amsbry	9.43	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.06
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.35	6.23
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.25
Flynn City,	10.49	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.43
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.20	7.00
Rosebud,	2.26	7.05
Coalport,	2.28	7.07
Flyn City,	2.48	7.15
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.06	7.33
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Condron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.24	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.52	8.14
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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